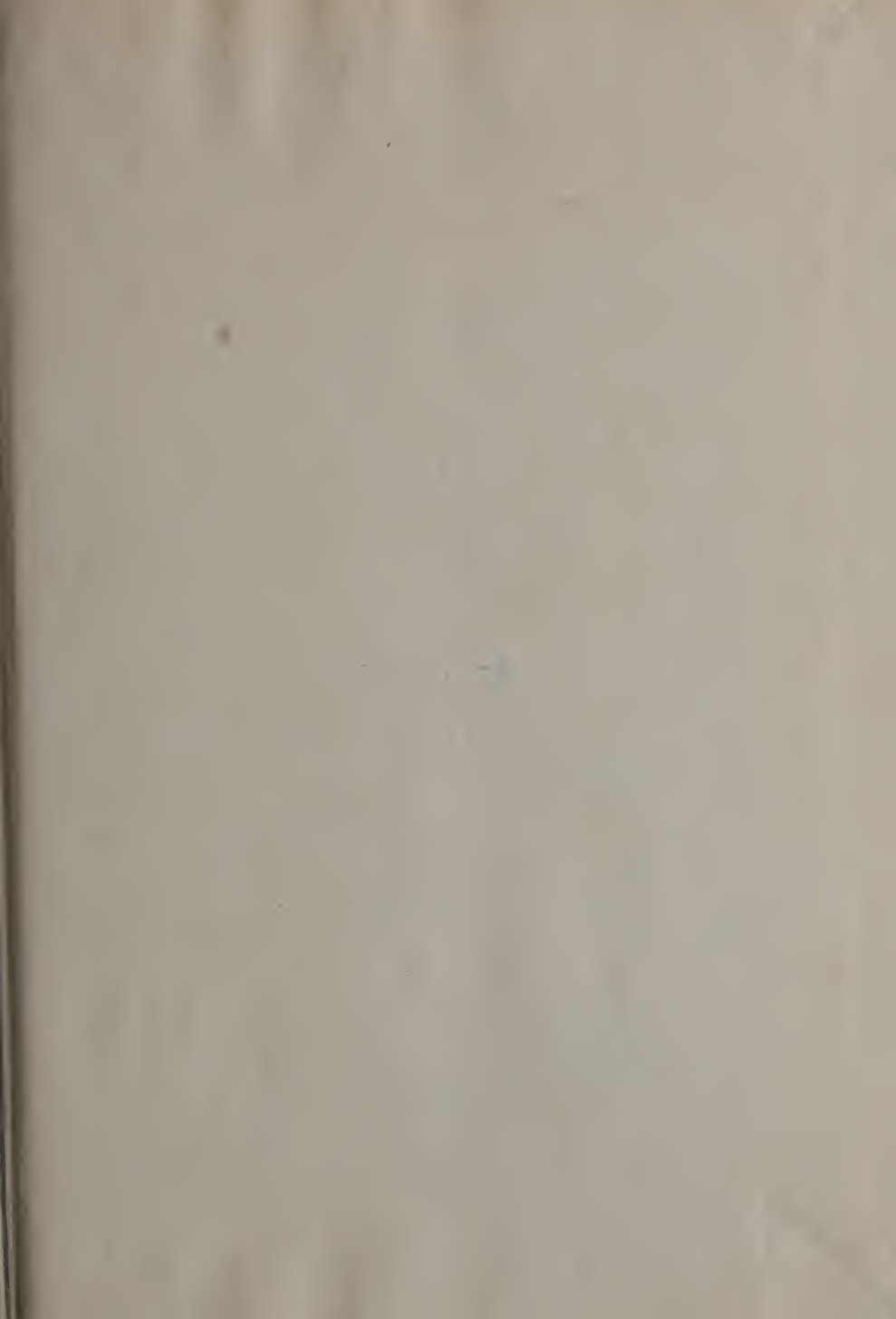


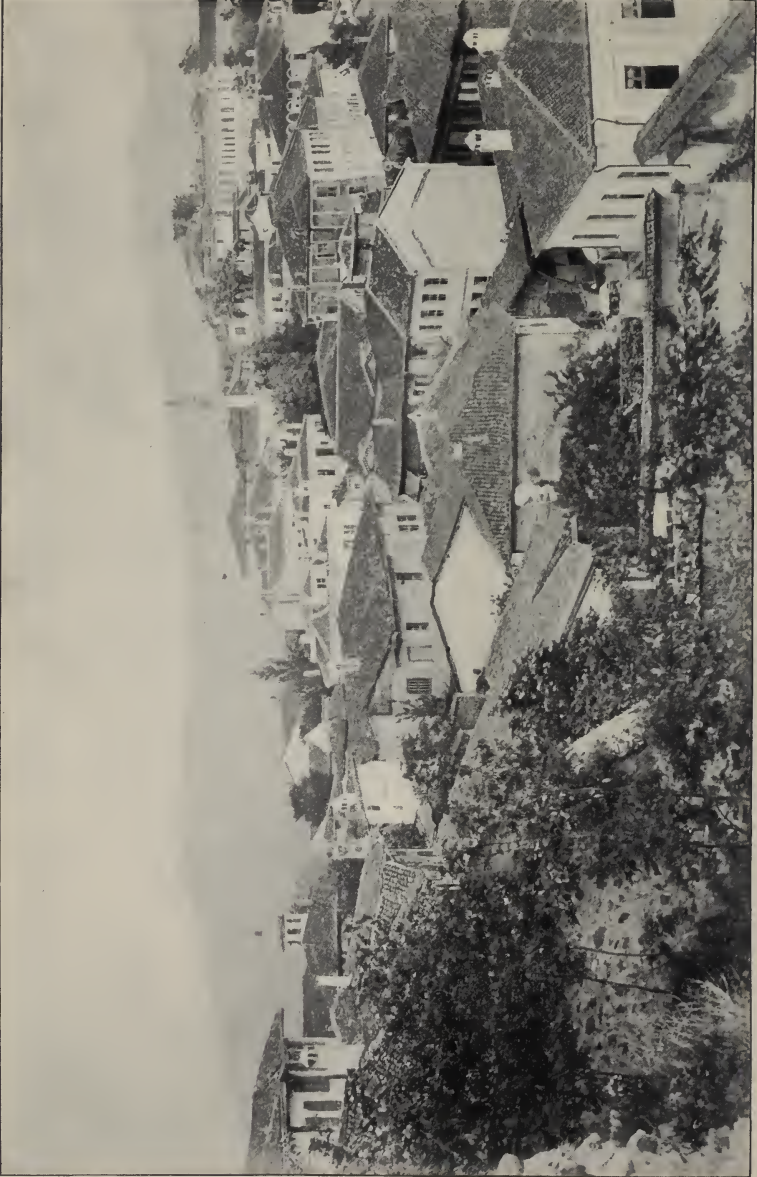
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VIEW OF PHILIPPOPOLIS, HOME OF DR. AND MRS. MARSH. (See page 162.)

Life and Light

Vol. XXXVII

APRIL, 1907

No. 4

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. Miss Mary C. Fowle, who was compelled by illness to leave her work in the girls' school at Adabazar, has returned to this country, and the sea voyage and rest have done much toward restoring her health. To meet the emergency caused by Miss Fowle's withdrawal, the Collegiate Institute for girls in Smyrna has loaned to Adabazar for the rest of the year Miss Jeannie L. Jillson, one of their teachers. Miss Jessie M. Hoppin, of Kusaie, a missionary of the W. B. M. I., has spent several weeks in our vicinity, and her vivid pictures of the island life make us more than ever conscious of the need and the opportunity there.

A VISIT TO SPAIN. The school for Spanish girls at Madrid, under the care of the Woman's Board, finds large and ever-increasing opportunity of helpful service, and changing conditions bring new and important questions to the fore, questions which need much wisdom for a right decision. We are therefore especially glad that two of our officers—our Foreign Secretary, Miss Kate G. Lamson, and our Treasurer, Miss Sarah Louise Day—will soon be able to spend some time at the school. They plan to sail on the Republic March 16, and after spending Easter at Seville, they go to Madrid for a stay of several weeks. Thus they will gain an understanding of the life of the school and its problems in a way that no correspondence can make possible. Their going will surely bring much help to the teachers and cheer to the pupils, and their home coming will give us here new interest and enthusiasm. The expenses of this trip are met without cost to the Woman's Board.

A RARE INVESTMENT. Have you money to invest? Here is a chance, with the highest possible interest, and gilt edged security besides, two things not often found together. Give us the means to enlarge the girls' school at Marsovan, and they will bring you a harvest of many souls saved. You have the security given by the divine promise, that if we give it shall be given to us in abundant measure. Or have you years of life to put where they will count for most? Somewhere the Master's work needs

you and your best service. Read Miss Willard's letter, and consider if it be not a call to you? She has care of the Marsovan school, and shows us its needs: "Now in regard to work in general, there is a most remarkable interest in education all through our field and among all nationalities. Native schools are being greatly improved, and our schools, as you know, are crowded and turning away pupils. All this stirs our souls within us, and we are pressed in spirit to make the most possible of these days of uncommon possibility; both Protestant and non-Protestant schools look to us for teachers. In a good many cases Protestant girls are teaching in Gregorian schools, and conditions have so far changed that they can do this without being required to teach that in which they do not believe.

"We are pressing up the standard in our own school, and are doing more than ever before in the way of direct training of the girls for teaching, and must as soon as possible have a full year's work in regular normal training. I wish we could have it next year, and I have a little hope that we may be able to begin then in a small way. In every such thought and plan for enlargement, the two great questions are: What can we do for room? And what can we do for teaching force? We are hoping that someone has been found who is ready to give the money for the enlargement of our building, so that we may begin work on it in the spring. Such an investment would with God's blessing bring large returns. I wish that the people who have money could see it all as we see it. I see no reason why if we had the building and its furnishing provided, we might not be training from sixty to one hundred more girls without additional expense to the Board beyond the support of one more American teacher (a fifth I mean), which would no doubt be necessary in course of time. I do not mean that in the first year after the building is erected we should have such an increase in numbers, but as we open our normal school and industrial training department we may fairly look forward to a growth such as I have suggested, and how we are hoping that the industrial work will draw in the children of the ruling race—they want to come now but are forbidden.

"Even greater than the need for the building is the need for a missionary teacher appointed in Miss Cull's place. I am most thankful that we are four this year, and so the work is being strongly done (our various gifts are such that we do supplement each other in a remarkable way) without overstrain; but we keenly realize that the present arrangement is not permanent, and that we must have new help next year."

THE supply of the large map of the Island World is exhausted, and no more can be had from the publishers.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH. In the month from January 18 to February 18 our Treasurer received \$9,737.70 in contributions for our regular pledged work. This is a gain of \$675.47 over like receipts in the corresponding month of last year, and the first third of this fiscal year shows an advance of \$723.38. This is very good, and we go forward with courage and hope. We need generous gifts to meet special needs and opportunities from which it would be cowardly and slothful to turn away.

LIBRARIES IN CHINA. Though China has an extensive literature of her own, and her people highly appreciate the value of learning, yet in the whole empire is nothing that can be called a public library. Dr. Martin says, "The very word for library means a place for *hiding* books. If a circulating library can be started it will introduce a new force which, like radium, will shine in the dark without being exhausted."

Now, in the new awakening of China, and the great desire of her people for "Western learning," especially for scientific knowledge, comes a great need for books; a need that only circulating libraries can supply. The Episcopal mission at Wuchang is making good progress in gathering books at that great educational center. Special gifts to equip our own schools with good literature would certainly help the progress of Christianity. Just now the time is propitious, as China is learning many things from Japan, where libraries are much used. But the libraries of Japan are largely agnostic, if not irreligious in tendency, and Christian books in China would help to safeguard the faith.

PERSECUTION IN BEIRA. Mr. Bunker, missionary of the American Board at the recently opened station at Beira, East Africa, sends home an account of shameful interference with his work. The local government, Portuguese, seems determined to break up his school and to drive away all the workers. Over and over the police have arrested and beaten the boys and young men who are pupils, and they have threatened the native teachers with like treatment. The judge asked one lad why he went to school when he had been told not to, and when he answered that his heart told him to for he wanted to learn to read, he ordered fifty blows on his hands. After this, "with hands swollen to six times their natural size, and as raw as a piece of beefsteak," he was put on the chain gang with a chain about his waist, and set to carrying great loads of earth with a road party.

Mr. Bunker adds, "The great multitudes of people untouched by the gospel which God has given us in trust for them, the evident eagerness with which many have welcomed the message, leading us to expect that others will do the same, and the terrible need among them for the comfort and hope of the gospel, make it impossible for us to draw back now."

CO-WORKERS IN SOUTH AFRICA. The W. B. M. has eight workers in South Africa, and to them we give, and for their success we pray. A recent letter from Miss Abbie P. Ferguson, president of the Huguenot College for women at Wellington, Cape Colony, tells us of some other women who are working to the same end in that country. She says that at the recent meeting of the Women's Missionary Union of South Africa, connected with the Dutch Reformed Church, one hundred and sixty delegates and a goodly number of missionaries were present.

As the delegates told of the work done in the churches, and the missionaries gave their inspiring messages, it was a blessed bringing together of the forces at home and those in the field. The treasurer had received almost \$20,000 during the year, an increase of $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent over the gifts of the year preceding. The union supports thirty-five women missionaries in South Africa, and has nearly thirty more young women in training for mission work.

Miss Ferguson's own work is most promising, and she greatly needs financial help to meet ever-increasing opportunities. Miss M. E. Landfear, 125 St. John Street, New Haven, Conn., represents the interests of the college in America.

Miss Ferguson adds: "It is a wonderful inspiration to be working for a country with its future before it. The Transvaal receives its new constitution at the beginning of the year, and will enter upon responsible government. The union of the different states of South Africa is another problem under consideration. There is to be a great advance educationally, high schools being established in every district. The great problem in South Africa is the native question; the native Africans far outnumber the white population, and we need the prayers of God's people everywhere that we may be just and true and kind, and help them to their best. And away beyond lie the nations in the darkness of heathenism, with here and there a glimpse of light. Surely never did a people have a greater opportunity, never did a people so need the prayerful sympathy and co-operation of God's people the wide world over that we may meet our responsibilities in the wisdom and in the power of God, doing his will and glorifying his name."

MRS. MARY E. HAMLIN, widow of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, died in Lexington, Mass., March 1. Dr. Hamlin's last years were spent in this country home, and Mrs. Hamlin, with her daughter Emma, has here passed the remaining days. First as a missionary teacher and then as the helper of Dr. Hamlin in his many forms of work, while she presided over her own household, she is tenderly and lovingly remembered by the older missionaries in Turkey and by many others who knew her.

DEATH OF DR. J. G. PATON. For almost fifty years this heroic man has given his life to the service of Christ in the islands of the Pacific. No one who has heard him tell the stories of his work, and of the marvelous ways in which God saved his life by direct interposition, can ever forget the man, his devotion, his courage, his faith and his simplicity. To many of us he stands as an ideal Christian hero, worthy to be named with the noble army of martyrs. Now he has joined "the saints who from their labors rest," having died in January last at the age of eighty-two. We can well believe that men are made in the image of God when we see one like him, and his example will kindle many a heart to deeper consecration till all the isles sing a new song to Jehovah.

MISSIONS IN BABYLAND This is an attractive little booklet, by Mary C. Allbright, intended for leaders of cradle rolls. This agency should have a place in every church, and some enterprising leader will do well to avail herself of this charming little aid and proceed to form a cradle roll. Price, 2 cents; 20 cents a dozen.

CONGREGATIONAL MISSIONARY WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE story of our denominational work is brief, being only the record of what one man has done in a little more than four years, helped in the later half by his devoted and sympathetic wife.

As soon as the Islands came into our possession the great missionary societies felt that the new conditions laid upon them a responsibility which they dared not ignore, and that they must immediately plan to send the gospel to those ignorant ones now under our flag. Anxious to avoid mistakes, representatives of these Boards met in conference and divided the field so that they could work most efficiently. The American Board took as its portion the southernmost island of the group, Mindanao. The chief town is Zamboanga, where about three hundred Americans reside, and the main part of the island, largely unexplored, is inhabited by at least one hundred and twenty-five thousand natives, who are truly heathen.

Rev. Robert F. Black, our pioneer missionary, arrived at Manila on November 17, 1902, and after spending a few weeks in looking for the right location he settled at Davao. Some months later Miss Gertrude Granger, his betrothed, went out, and they were married on the day of her arrival. The government has been cordial, but the work makes slow progress. Some of the people are Romanists and densely superstitious, and many

are utterly unconscious of any spiritual need. Still, in spite of reviling and even persecution from relatives and neighbors, a little congregation of earnest souls gathers weekly in Mr. Black's home, the mission house. He also preaches often to a small group in Santa Cruz, and visits other villages. The school children have learned enough English to enjoy singing gospel hymns. Mrs. Black has gathered some children into a kindergarten, but as



BETTER CLASS OF FILIPINOS
Those who welcome American rule

they have no idea of regular attendance the work goes on under difficulties. The women are more friendly and at home with her since baby Richard came.

One's heart goes out to these brave, lonely workers, so far from home and civilization. After a trip to the conference of missionaries at Manila Mr. Black writes, "We did not know how lonely we had been till we went to our friends in Manila, nor how dispirited we were till we got the inspiration of the goodly fellowship of the other missionaries."

It is good to add that through the gifts of friends in New York additional workers are to be sent to Mindanao as soon as they can be found. We

must hope and pray that the future of the work may bring great blessing to our "little brown brothers" in the island

We append some excerpts from recent letters from Mr. Black:—

"I had a very good meeting with the Kalgans also, after my week in Santa Cruz. About forty, mostly men, came out to hear the message, and they showed a good interest. The sermon was rather informal, necessarily, and seemed more so on account of the frequent punctuations from the crowd, as 'Yes!' 'Truth!' 'That's it!' There were also one or two Mohammedans who tried to show open contempt, but were practically ignored by the rest. The conditions there are a bit delicate, for the entire town is on an American plantation, and the people are under the control of the manager as a sort of chieftain. He is very friendly, and calls the people together for me when I come there, but not being a religious man he seems a little jealous of his people, fearing that enlightenment will destroy industry. This was shown in his attitude towards a proposal of his senior partner to send a few of the brightest boys to Davao to go to school, and after school hours to be in my care. I agreed to look after them, to build a small dormitory for them, and teach them some manual work and also religion. The manager said he would oppose the plan because 'No Filipino able to read and write is worth anything to work'—a statement that has a shadow of truth in it as regards the average boy with a little knowledge. But of course he will have to give up his stand as soon as the government extends the school system to the smaller places.

"The work in Davao itself is seemingly at a standstill. The few who did attend have been frightened away. Mrs. Black kept up her work for the little girls till the past week, when they were persuaded away from her. There are two sisters of charity—they are called 'mothers' here—keeping a girls' school. They are fighting the public school, and of course us. Just now they seem to be winners, but we have faith to wait with patience and work for others. Perhaps it is better for my wife, as the household cares and baby Richard take most of her strength. She had little to spare for the school. We shall keep on working and praying, though we are at times disheartened."

"OTAO, PO!" A SALUTATION FROM MINDANAO

BY REV. ROBERT F. BLACK, OF DAVAO

"O TAO, PO!" we cry in friendly greeting as we arrive under the house. The native welcomes us from above with an equally cordial "*Panik*" (Come up). Under the house we are, for in the Philippines the houses are

set upon pillars, the floor being six or eight feet above the ground. This may be a compromise between the tree dweller and civilization, but more likely it is because the liability to fevers is less in a house elevated above the damp ground. We accept the invitation to "mount," and rather awkwardly we ascend the stairway—a ladder some four feet wide, with rungs four inches in diameter and two feet apart, all bound firmly together at the joints with long, pliable strips of rattan vine such as we never see at home. Awkward we are, for we lack sufficient practice, and manifestly shoes are



COUNTRY HOUSE, MINDANAO

not made to fit such a stairway. This one, however, is much better than the kind the mountain tribes use—simply a long pole about six inches in diameter, with notches cut in it at intervals of a foot or so. That is a test of your physical culture, to mount such a pole gracefully, saluting your host as you ascend.

In the house the man greets us with a good European handshake, and a kindly "Good days!" in his choicest Spanish. We are at once made to feel that the house and the family are at our service. Hospitality is one of the chief virtues of the Filipino. They give me a seat on the bench at the window, and bring a mat and a cushion for my wife, who, according to custom, sits on the floor with the women of the household. This is a well-to-do family out in the country. We take in at a glance the evidences of

industry and refinement. There are a few old prints, the Virgin Mary, and some of the saints, at one end of the single large room. Just below these is a shelf, a sort of table, which contains a few treasures—a girl's doll, two or three small religious books in Spanish, etc. A small table one foot high, for eating, stands near the wall, and above the house beams are kept a homemade saddle and a number of sleeping mats—the beds of the different members of the family, some with blanket and pillow and some without, all rolled separately. About the room near the walls are several Chinese boxes, small trunks, which contain the family clothing and some personal effects. In one corner are some five hundred pounds of Manila hemp, ready for the market, and worth from eight to ten dollars per hundred. In two opposite corners are a couple of choice fighting cocks, tied with a small cord attached to a ring on the ankle, from time to time loudly defiant of each other and of the world.

Now it is supper time, and the maid sets the low table on a mat in the center of the room, and brings in the food. She lays but two plates, and puts two cushions on the mat near the table. The hostess motions to us to sit down to the table. We had hoped to eat with the family, but no! they will wait till we have retired for the night.

As we eat, the family sit around us on the floor—grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, a girl of fourteen (sweet and modest), two boys of twelve and ten perhaps, and two servants, a boy and a girl. The servants are very poorly clothed. They were probably purchased at eight or ten dollars apiece in the olden days. Liberty has been proclaimed, but so has education. May it come!

We like these people. The boys are bright-eyed and sturdy. They see everything. They would like to learn English, but there is no school within ten miles. Some time there will be one in the nearby village, and they will go. They can read Spanish a little, but with very little understanding of the words. They know the "Our Father," the "Ave Maria," and some of the catechism. The family is very religious. Every Sunday they read prayers in the village chapel, and they hear mass when the priest comes down from Davao. They always carry their fighting cocks with them, for after the church service comes the cock fight. It is very exciting, almost the only diversion to be had. The boys will be old enough soon to own a rooster, and to bet on his winning in the fight. Every Sunday when the weather is good there will be twenty or thirty combats, and, as a result, twenty or thirty dead roosters. Is it cruel? They never thought of that. They learned it from the Spaniards, and to them it seems all right.

The man of the house does no work himself, or very little, though he

might do the work of the whole farm with very little help besides that which his family and his servants give him. He is a gentleman, and as such should not work, even though he be greatly in debt.

They say that the new manual training schools begun here by the board of education were so poorly attended that inquiry was made into the reason. A native declared that the Filipino did not need that. "The Americans," he said, patting his biceps, "are strong here. The Filipinos," touching



VISAYAN HOMES IN THE PALM FORESTS ON CEBU

his head, "are strong here." Manual training, accordingly, has no charms for them. It will take years to get them to practice the dignity of labor. They admit it in theory, but in practice they want none of it. Nature here delivers them from the fear of future need.

Yet a change is coming. Even in the few years of American occupation one notices it. They are making progress, and that means better conditions. These better conditions demand a more strenuous life, and that means some work. They must have better clothes, better food, and better house furniture to keep up with their neighbors. We think they have a greatly

exaggerated opinion of themselves (we are all that way), but it is going to help them in time to a true self-respect, and that is what every man needs. The better day is coming. In all the larger towns there are natives who have in their houses fine furniture, French plate glass mirrors, beautiful tapestries and pictures, and fine India rugs. There are ladies who have costly silk dresses and precious jewels, great pearls and costly diamonds. To keep the pace, more and greater industry will be necessary.

The country native knows nothing of wheat flour except as he knows the larger towns. The hill people live on sweet potatoes, bananas, *gabi* (a lily root, a little like a potato), and rice, though in some places rice is a luxury. For meats they have tame chickens, and can often snare wild fowl. They hunt deer and wild hog, and often get small fish in the rivers. They preserve meat and fish by drying it in the broiling sun, but the nose of the American is apt to turn away from this delicacy. A small farm with a very little work will supply all the needs that they are conscious of having. They must be aroused to man's higher needs. They lack the high thinking. But some of the mountain people have arts that are much higher than those of their civilized brothers. They weave the cloth for their clothes. The textiles are dyed in beautiful patterns, displaying very good taste and considerable skill in designing. They also make their steel-edged knives, welding a thin strip of the finer metal upon the edge of their *bolos*. They are great artificers in brass. They make little bells to adorn their belts and necklaces. They fashion and engrave finger rings and toe rings, generally of copper or brass, but sometimes of silver. They make brass spear ornaments and tips for their *bolo* sheaths. They do some beautiful bead work, and have a kind of embroidery to combine with the bead work sometimes. They make pretty mats and some fine little baskets. These industries have been left behind by the dweller in towns, who too often has failed to take up other arts, and hence is worse off, though nominally a "Cristiano," than his pagan brother in this respect. Truth and fidelity seem to be valued less and practiced less by the so-called civilized man of the Philippines than by the wild man of the hills. This is the case with a great many of the Roman "Cristianos"; but there are, of course, many that are truly Christians, who have all the virtues of our religion. Thank God for that! It shows us what may be done for them if they have a fair opportunity to learn. They are coming into contact now with American civilization. Shall they learn its virtues? They are learning its vices rapidly enough. It is for Christian America to say that they shall have a chance to learn the best.

In this brief sketch I have given you a rather bright picture of the conditions here. The family life described is that of a very superior one. Nine out of ten natives live in conditions many times worse. Would you like to see some of the shadows, to get a glimpse of the dark homes? Even in the towns the great majority live in unclean houses. Several families live in the same small house of one or two rooms. There is no privacy. There is no beauty, nothing to inspire high thinking. Their lives are ruled by superstitions. Sin abounds and grace is unknown. Or would you like to view the darker picture in the country, away from even the semblance of decency which we have in the towns? Here they have some knowledge of the truth, though little. There nothing but darkened minds and deep darkness. A naturalist, having spent some time the past year with one of the hill tribes, being favorably impressed at first, returned with nothing but disgust for their foul conversation and evil practices. The missionary feels sorrow, not disgust. One easily gets a good first impression, for he sees but the outside, and evil always likes to seem good. The spots where slavery is at its worst, where all engage in licentious pagan rites, where human sacrifices are offered, out of the reach of our law administrators, where evil walks abroad and virtue lies hidden—these would not make a bright picture. Where sick men die without care and little children suffer needlessly and die for lack of a little medicine—no, these are not the scenes to present in photographs.

“*Otao, po!*” cries the man of Mindanao. It is a respectful salutation, the greeting of a humble person to one he honors. “Man, sir!” It is full of appeal. “Am I not a man and a brother!” He comes to the Christians of America with this humble, friendly greeting. He stands below the house; the shadow of a great, enlightened republic is over him. Shall he hear the friendly, “Come up”?—*Missionary Herald*.

A LITTLE TURKISH BRIDE

BY MISS LILLIAN F. COLE

SHE came to us from a village a day's journey from Cesarea. Her mother-in-law, her husband, and several neighbors came with the queer looking box, shaped very much like a coffin, in which they brought her. She was only a little bride of fifteen, her face so drawn with pain and suffering that she looked forty. Her husband's family were poor, very poor, and she had only been married a few months when hip disease attacked her. This was very hard on the family, as they had expected her, as the daughter-in-

law, to take a good share of the work. They tried all kinds of home treatment, but she grew no better, and so, having heard of our missionary hospital and of Dr. Dodd, they decided to bring her to us. She was suffering a great deal of pain when she came, and Dr. Dodd diagnosed her case as tuberculosis in the first stage and decided to try extension of the limb. This gave her some relief, but at times her shrieks were heard not only all over the hospital, but in the compound as well. Of course she knew nothing of patience or self-control, but it made our hearts ache to see her suffering. She was not attractive, and always so irritable, but the nurses had infinite



VILLAGE BRIDE

patience with her. Whenever they found the opportunity, they read the Bible and simple tracts to her. Soon she began to change, growing thoughtful and patient, interested in the troubles of other patients. An operation was performed and after this she stayed with us several months, and then went back to her home, not cured, but improved. We heard of her occasionally from patients who came from her village; and one day, a year or so later, we saw the same box carried in. The nurses, who had cared for her and had grown attached to her, came running to me and exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Cole, Toorfanda has come back!" Poor child, she seemed glad to get back to us. We removed her very dirty clothes and

bathed her, and we saw at once that her leg was in a sad condition.

Toorfanda was now a very different girl; she was so patient and even cheerful, and although she suffered great pain, we had no more dreadful scenes as before. She thought of others and was afraid of disturbing the other patients. Patients, as well as nurses, grew fond of her, and the first thing in the morning the women in the other ward would inquire how Toorfanda was. We tried all kinds of treatment but her leg grew no better, and Dr. Dodd decided that amputation was the only hope of saving her life. We waited until her friends came and then told them this. They refused permission, and Toorfanda was not willing either. We could not blame

her when we thought all it meant in that country to be without a limb. We told her she would not get better without this operation, but Toorfanda now had no fear of death. Did she not know of the love of Jesus Christ? She knew she would be taken care of by Him who had suffered death on the cross for her. She knew, too, that he loved her. Had she not heard this read from the Bible that had been given her when she left the hospital? So she was not afraid. As there was nothing more we could do for her, her mother-in-law decided to take her home. We had all grown so fond of her we did not want her to go. We felt we should never see her alive again. She left us smiling and cheerful. Her mother-in-law thanked us for the care we had given her. We noticed how gently she handled her, and how fond she seemed of her, as if she were her own child.



TURKISH BRIDE

The following summer three of us were passing through Everek, and I inquired of the pastor there if he knew this young bride. I described her, and he said at once: "Oh, yes, I know her. She lives quite out of the town, and the deacons of the church and I go quite frequently to visit her. We like to read and talk with her, for she is always so bright and cheerful, and her faith in God is so strong that she is a great help to us all. We enjoy these visits, for she helps us as much as we help her." But he added, "She will not be with us long, for she is very much worse." We decided to go right out and see her, with a guide to show us the way. Our guide was the sexton of the church and he, too, told us how cheerful and how happy Toorfanda was in spite of her pain and miserable surroundings. On being admitted into the courtyard, the first thing our eyes rested upon was Toorfanda lying there on a bed. I thought perhaps she would have forgotten me, but no, astonishment and pleasure shone in her face, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Cole, you have really come!"

I sat down by her, and she took my hand and told us how glad she was to see us again; and she asked after all the nurses and patients who had been in the hospital while she was there. Her mother-in-law and other women came out of the house, and they gathered around us to tell us of Toorfanda's condition and how patient she was. She threw back the covers to show us her leg, so purple and swollen, and the other was nearly as bad. She said she knew she was not going to get well, but it was all right. She looked much better taken care of than I imagined she would be. Her long months in the hospital had taught her how things could be done, and she

suggested better ways to her mother-in-law. After sitting with us for a little while her mother-in-law went in (my heart sank, I knew what her going meant); presently she returned with a very dirty looking pitcher and glass. The pitcher contained *iran*, a drink something like buttermilk. I knew it was an *eleram* (a treat) for us, but I wondered how I could summon up courage to drink out of that dirty glass. I knew if we declined it they would feel very much hurt, and they were giving us of their best. To have a guest and not bring out some kind of refreshment would be a great breach of etiquette in Turkey. So trying not to think of all the microbes I was swallowing, I drank it down. I did so well that she urged me to take another glass; but I thanked her most politely, and said I could not possibly drink more than one glass.

We stayed some time longer talking to Toorfanda—we found she had her Bible read to her—and then we had to say “good-by,” as it was getting dark. She drew my head down and kissed me and asked me to pray for her. I knew I should never see her again on earth. And so it was, for a short time after my return to Talas we received a letter from a former patient saying that Toorfanda had at last been called to rest. She died talking of the love of Jesus to her, and telling those around her that she was going to be with him. We all felt strengthened and encouraged in our hospital work because she had found Christ while with us. Of the many she helped on her way we shall never know; but we do know that this poor, ignorant little bride did not live in vain. And we thank God for our hospitals and schools in Turkey and in other dark lands, where such as she can learn about Him “who so loved us that he gave his only Son to die for us.”

VILLAGE SCHOOLS IN INDIA

BY MISS JEAN P. GORDON OF WAI

BEFORE I step out of the work here for a time I want to write you a little about each of the schools I have been looking after. The station school is the largest, and it is here that all our orphan children and the Christian children of the community go. I have given more time to it than to any other. For the most of the year, though not so many just now, we have had about one hundred in attendance. As more than one half are our own, or Christian, they are regular in attendance, and greater progress is made. We have five standards and a large infant class. We have four teachers, also a drawing master for an hour a day. We ought to have a much larger grant than we have, and we hope to after the next examination.

We have not an adequate school building. We have two teachers in the main building, a third in a small room I put on this year, a fourth in a veranda of the house next the school, and the first standard and infants in the front room of a house across the street, in which two of our Christian families live. I long for a nice new building near our bungalow. This is on the other side of the town. We have besides our own children, Marathi, Mahar, Mang, Chambhar, Dhor, and children of the sweeper caste in this school, and it is the only school in Wai where any but the Marathi children would be welcomed. It is a flourishing school, the staff is very nice, and



STATION SCHOOL AT WAI

good work is being done. The majority of the outside children come into the Sunday school on Sunday.

The Kasar Madi, or Girls' School Number 1, had sixty in February before the opposition started. In March there were almost none, and so it went on until June when the numbers began to increase, but even now we have only thirty-eight. The opposition began with the visit of a man from Benares. He had public meetings, denounced female education, and warned the people against sending their children to our schools. He also opened a

home for cows, and begged the people to give their cows to him rather than to the butchers from Panchgani and Mahableshwar. No cows are killed in Wai. He gathered money and sent people into the market to buy all the cows. He has now over a hundred cows in all conditions. Just now the farmers all around are asked to contribute fodder, and well-to-do people are giving a cartload. At the same time a lawyer living here began to talk against Christianity and foreigners in public, and stirred up the people so that people went from door to door telling the people that they must not send their girls, and for a time all three of our girls' schools were nearly empty, but we had the teachers go as usual, and we got to our knees and slowly the schools are filling up.

The man from whom we rent the building that serves for school and the three teachers and their families in Khanapur, that is the Pande and Ka-



A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN THE MARATHI MISSION

vothe teachers, as well as the Khanapur teacher, has been saying that he could not let us have the house longer. Personally he is friendly, but those opposed to us are making it hard for him. I forgot to say that in the beginning of the trouble we were told that the people in Pande had written a letter to the people of Khanapur, at the instigation of some people in Wai, to the effect that if they sent their children to our school they would ostracize them, and there is no greater punishment than this in Indian society. I trust the next time you hear from Khanapur it will be to say that all is well, that the school there and in Pande are both flourishing.

These empty schoolrooms and unfriendliness in certain quarters has been hard and discouraging, but has led us to more prayerfulness and stronger faith. We realize more the strength of the enemy, but we feel sure of victory in His good time.

In the last five months we have had five deaths in our Christian community, which have saddened us all, but God has sustained those afflicted in a wonderful way, and is blessing all through these sorrows. We have been seeking a spiritual quickening for ourselves and all in the community, and we trust it is coming if not already begun.

WORK AND NEED IN EUROPEAN TURKEY

BY MRS. GEORGE D. MARSH

I HAVE been spending Sunday with Milka Koleva, our Bible woman here. She has a cozy little room—so narrow that when I stretched myself in her bed, which she kindly insisted on giving up to me, head and feet touched the walls of the room. She spread a bed for herself on the floor, and as that occupies all the rest of the room, I am sitting bundled up in bed, with a tiny lamp hung on the wall over my head. Blessings on the fountain pen which makes writing possible anywhere! However, small as the room is, we are thankful for so safe and comfortable a place for her. It has a larger window than many village rooms, and I can see stars shining, promising us a fair day for our four hours' drive home to-day, after the rain of yesterday. We came Saturday in pleasant weather, and could not be sorry to see the rain yesterday though it did make such dreadful mud, for farmers were longing for it on their newly sown grain fields.

The dear people here do not let any such trifle as rain or deep mud keep them from church, but come bringing their babies and often with one or two little ones hanging to their skirts. These babies with their inherited love for God's house are models of good behavior, and usually sleep through the services. They are rolled up in heavy woolen blankets and laid on the floor, sometimes so many of them that one has to mind her steps in moving about. This large, comfortable church, built by great and persistent effort on the part of the people and with only a little help from America, is their joy and pride, the center of their social as well as religious life, and it seems almost impossible for them to leave it. Last night after good-nights were said, and I thought we were to start for home, they still lingered and talked nearly a half hour. They are dear, devoted, warm-hearted folk—not a gray head among them, but men and women in the prime of life and energy, counting it their joy as well as duty to preach Christ every day of the week, in word and deed. The work began here only about fifteen years ago, and there are already nearly forty church members, and others

coming on, while the whole village of about seventy houses is permeated by the spirit of the gospel. Some are bitter opposers, and the Holy Synod has sent one priest after another to root out this Protestant heresy, teachers, too, to nip in the bud any effort to win the children, but all in vain—the vine planted by the Master's own hand flourishes, and its fruit gives us continual joy.

It is an ideal place for a Bible worker. There are as many open doors as she can possibly enter, and the well-known lives of these Christian men and women ably support her teaching. The friends are very kind and helpful also, and thankful for her help in all forms of church work. Last year Milka had thirteen women learning to read, and now most of them no longer need her regular help. This year she has two women, whose husbands are followers, and who are themselves feeling after the truth; a third almost promised me yesterday to begin, and three big girls—non-Protestants—are already well along in the primer. They are from families of strong opposers, so cannot get away for regular lessons, but they manage as often as possible to slip away with their spinning and come to their teacher. She reads to them, too, from the Bible, and whenever they can manage it they get to church, as they did yesterday.

The pay of the Bible reader here, as in all places in the Philippopolis field, is quite too small, and we are pleased that the friends here have promised to give her ten dollars more this year. There is but one well-to-do man among them, but they give generously from their small means. They have never had a pastor of their own, but the pastor of the Philippopolis church, of which they are members, comes to administer the sacraments. We occasionally visit them, and for the rest they do their own preaching—several of them in turn—and God blesses them with constant additions to their number. As a result of their faithful preaching, tract distribution and Bible selling, there are now followers in no less than six near villages, many of whom come here to attend services. The young men who go to the army service are well known as evangelists as well as evangelicals.

Later.—Milka Koleva tells me of her engagement. So we are to lose her, too! But she will continue to work this year, which will be her ninth, and we cannot blame girls who have given so many years of faithful service if they at last accept of homes of their own. I trust she will still be a worker for Christ and the church wherever she is.

Mr. Marsh and I have spent most of this month touring together—a rare pleasure for us—our journeys being usually made separately. We have traveled through lovely country, beautiful just now in fall colors, and have

had delightful weather, have held services in seven towns and villages, sometimes five in one day.

In Pazardjik we spent only one day and night, Mr. Marsh leading the evening prayer meeting in church, while I took the afternoon woman's meeting. There is only a handful of church members in this city, but some of them, as well as the pastor's wife, Mrs. Georgieff, are real workers, and they had invited friends to this meeting till we had a roomful, including five Jews, who seemed much interested in the story of the three Jewish young men and the fiery furnace, with the application of its teaching to present-day life. We ought to have a Bible woman here, but where is she?

We visited together a great many homes in Tserovo, having prayers in almost every one. Tserovo is a famous grape growing and wine making town, but strange to say there is not as much drinking there as in some cities, and there is a good strong temperance society—two of them indeed, one for grown people and a Loyal Temperance League.

Panagurishte is one of the oldest of our out-stations. People there well remember visits from my brother, Dr. Clarke, and Dr. Haskell forty years ago, when they were hooted at and mobbed, and all the Protestant Bibles that could be found were publicly burned. Many Christian workers have gone out from here; indeed, so few young people stay in this hill town, whose old-time business has gone down to the cities, that the church is in great need of new, young life. The pastor and his good wife, elderly people, are holding on, doing their best, but how earnestly they begged us this year for a Bible woman, and how hard to have to say, "No one to send." There are lovely, saintly women here, working hard at spinning and weaving to earn their daily bread, and praying so earnestly for a blessing on their beloved church, on the whole town, and it seems to me as I listened to them that the blessing must come. There is no longer any opposition to Protestantism, only a dead indifference. The encouraging feature of the work in Panagurishte is the constant crowd of children at Sunday school, as in Pazardjik, and we will believe that the seeds sown in these young hearts must one day bring forth fruit. But how much more might be accomplished if a Bible woman could follow up these children, make acquaintance with their families, and induce mothers to come to meetings. In the village of Lesitsovo I found a girl, who has been two years in Samokov school, trying to have a Sunday school for the village children, though with little material to help her. I have sent her a package of books with children's stories, and shall see that she has other helps. Thanks for the promise to her "who has first a willing mind."

MISSIONARY LETTERS

CEYLON

Miss Helen I. Root, writing from Uricardu, December 26, 1906, says:—

It has been especially pleasant to be here at Christmas time and to lend a hand to the Christians at Udupiddi in their bereft condition. On Sunday morning I walked over to the church before the sun was too high—it is about two miles—and spent the day in the mission house next the church. This gave me a chance to share in all the meetings of the day.

First, the Sunday school, about fifty small squirmers all sitting on the ground—I had five minutes with them at the very end of the hour. Then church service, when a fine congregation of about sixty-five adults listened to an earnest sermon by the new pastor. There was a very quiet, earnest spirit in the meeting. Then I went over to the pastor's house—he lives in the boarding school buildings—and saw all his family, and then went to the mission house for a quiet hour. The pastor's wife sent me a delicious breakfast of rice and curry, and soon the Christian Endeavor meeting began. There was a prayer meeting afterwards, and then I came home in Pastor Sander's ox cart.

Yesterday afternoon many of the church members came to see us. The girls had some jolly games; all sang some sweet Christmas lyrics, and we had tea and cakes and candy for them—about thirty, I think.

In the term just closed we have had great blessing. I do thank God for it all. Nearly every evening for some six weeks a few girls came into my room at eight o'clock, sometimes to seek the Lord, sometimes to pray for others. Ever so many gave themselves to Jesus, at least fifty, I think. Thirty were received into the church. The work of grace was almost wholly among the younger girls; and while most of the others are now professing Christians, there is still much "land to be possessed." Do ask our friends to pray.

You know we need two ladies here—one to take charge of the Udupiddi school, and the other for village work. I sincerely hope it may be in God's plan for me to come back for the latter work, but anyway someone must do it. Really, our mission needs two families also. It is truly appalling—the hundreds, thousands dying unsaved; we do want to save them.

CHINA

Our hearts and our purses have been touched by stories of the terrible famine in China. A bright light in the dark picture comes in a recent letter from Dr. Minnie Stryker of Foochow. She writes on January 22:—

You have read of the terrible famine in the provinces north and west of us, and I am sure will be interested to hear what part our Foochow students are taking in efforts to relieve the sufferers. During the past week our boys here in the city and our girls at Ponasang raised over one hundred and fifty Mexican dollars. This giving has meant real sacrifice. The boys are living on a restricted diet, and the girls have parted with rings, bracelets and precious hair ornaments. All gifts have been purely spontaneous, that is, we foreigners have done no urging. Mr. Hinman has simply received the money and promised to forward it to the proper authorities. While we do not approve of the boys starving themselves, we think best for the present not to interfere. It is inspiring to know that the sympathies of our young Christians are broadening, that it is no longer difficult for them to feel for the afflicted outside their own families, their own city, or even their own province.

China New Year will soon be here. Our mission schools are busy with preparations for commencement. Eighteen girls will graduate from the two schools at Ponasang, and Foochow College will have ten or eleven graduates.

Dr. Woodhull and I have had a delightfully busy and happy winter. The days are all too short. There has been a great deal of sickness since we came down from Kuliang in September, and we have had many opportunities to minister to those in physical and mental distress. You who are laboring for us in the homeland have every reason to feel encouraged.

WESTERN TURKEY

Many women who knew and loved Mrs. Tracy in her recent visit to America will rejoice to know a little of her life in Marsovan, and we venture to take a few lines from a personal letter:—

My health is very good and I am visiting homes in Marsovan almost every day in the week. I visit the rich and the poor and am interested in them all. I find very much to encourage and I see the benefit of having such a good spiritual minister as Pastor K., who visits his people and is very earnestly working for them.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Smith invited the pastor to go with us to visit a town—Arkat Hadji Keuy—nine hours' journey from here. There is a nice little church and a schoolroom there, but no teacher and no preacher.

The people were very grateful for the visit of the good pastor, and he labored incessantly for them and did much good. We went on Friday and returned on Monday. Mrs. Smith and I went with our hostess to call on all the Protestant families—twenty-five in number, I believe—besides attending the three meetings a day held by the pastor. The trip did me a great deal of good, and I hope that Mrs. Smith and I can go again next summer and spend more time with the people. There is no preacher and no male teacher available for that place now, but we are trying to find a teacher for the girls, who are growing up in ignorance.

Our girls' boarding school is very prosperous, with more than two hundred students in all departments. We are very thankful to the Woman's Board for sending Miss Barnes as temporary help in the school.

The college is very full with more than three hundred enrolled. If there had been room we should have had many more students. The spirit of the students is good. I have a dear little Armenian boy in my home this year. His father is very anxious to have him learn English before going to America. I hope he will be a better American citizen for having had one year in a missionary home.

The hospital is doing a great work. Patients come long distances for treatment, and they are very grateful for the skill and the kindness they receive here. It is a pleasure to visit the woman's ward every day. Many Mohammedans receive treatment in the hospital.

EASTERN TURKEY

An important and arduous part of missionary work in many fields is the touring, and Miss Caroline E. Bush, of Harpoot, spends much time in that service. She tells us of Choonkoosh, one of the villages:—



MISS C. E. BUSH

Choonkoosh is about sixteen hours south of Harpoot, over the Taurus Mountains. The road hither is one of the most difficult and dangerous in our field, with some of the grandest scenery. The people here have a church of a hundred members. Church, schools, and parsonage were all destroyed in the massacres, and the pastor was killed. Our good Christian women had some two hundred pounds gathered from their hard earnings with which to do great things for their girls' school. This also went in the massacres. For several years they could have no girls' school, but all the time, out of their deep poverty, have been saving money, until they finally gave a pound to obtain a government permit for the opening of a school, and have just given ten pounds, about \$44, to buy half a house next to the newly bought parsonage into which to put their girls' school for the pres-

ent. The women themselves have plastered and whitened the two rooms. Though not large enough, by any means, the rooms are far better than their former quarters—a sort of open gallery above the room used as a chapel, the latter room being occupied during week days by the boys' school. Of course sounds could be heard from below, the air was bad, and, too, the sun came streaming in from the west windows, the only ones the room had. So there is great rejoicing over going to the two new rooms. Still, even now we see that these will not do for long, for the school grows so fast. It will have a hundred scholars before we know it.

One reason why these rooms will not do for the school is because they are only reached through the hall and stairway of the parsonage by this arrangement. The front door must always be left open, of course, and the little feet will bring in any amount of mud and dirt. One or both of these rooms are greatly needed to enlarge the too small and inconvenient parsonage, and so the other half of the house now occupied by the school should be bought. In that part is the front stairway and door, so that, if we had that, both school and parsonage could be made very comfortable. For the buying and fitting up of that part seventy pounds are needed, about \$308. Where can the people in their poverty obtain such a sum? They must also build a church, just as soon as possible, and that will cost at least four hundred pounds.

I have written thus fully believing that those who care for this school will take a deep interest in the self-sacrifice of these men and women, and in the good teachers and large number of the scholars, and will deeply sympathize with the need of the school and parsonage for an addition so conveniently at hand. The present occupant of that addition is a very poor man who needs the money sorely. He has a very wicked son who brings Turks to his house with whom to drink and gamble, and it is very essential to get such neighbors out of the way of our school and parsonage.

Is it not possible that those who care for this school among a rough, sturdy, but religious people, determined to grow and advance, will feel it a privilege and duty to give a generous sum, in addition to what they give for the salary of teachers, for the purchase of the building needed? I write this with a prayer that this may be accomplished, and the hearts of this people strengthened in their simple faith by the goodness of God to them through you.

It requires a well-kept life to do the will of God, and even a better-kept life to will to do his will. To be willing is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God,

THE WORK OF THE TOURING MISSIONARY

From Mr. E. F. Carey, Harpoot, Turkey, to Miss Bush and Miss Poole while touring:—

DEAR BRAVE TOURISTS: The Assyrian kings used to make tours, also, long before you or Christ were born. And when they came home they wrote in cuneiform letters on monuments of stone, like this:—

By the command of the Sun God, Shamash,
I, Sargon, King of the four regions,
Have made an expedition with my 20000 soldiers.
I crossed the Euphrates.
I shut up in his city, Dikran, king of Amida;
I took from him 233 horses, 12000 maids,
And burned his soldiers and his houses.
I visited Palu with destruction,
Carrying away captive 942 young men to be slaves,
And bringing to Nineveh the best of their cattle.
Etc., etc.

Now do you suppose there is a recording angel? Of course you are far beyond any such childish superstition. You know that God's memory does not need a notebook. And you know, therefore, that your achievements in Christ (not Shamash) on this "expedition" have a place in what is more enduring than stone monuments. They are written in the loving mind of God. And how does the inscription read?

By the command of the Son of Righteousness, Jesus,
I, Caro, and I, Marie, Servants of the four regions,
Have made an Expedition with two horses and one soldier (lame).
We crossed the Tigris.
We opened the hearts of the cities of Chermooq & Chamush,
And let the light of the King of Glory shine in;
We gave out 233 advices, and 12000 comforting words,
And cheered the soldiers of the Cross in every house.
We visited Arghuni and Maden with blessings,
Encouraging many to be servants of Jesus,
And bringing back to Harpoot an inspiration for the stay at homes.

Which inscription has the greater historical worth? Which will be most gloriously enduring?

Hear what the Book answers: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and ever." (*Daniel xii. 3.*)

WE are very willing to blame the Jew for rejecting Jesus, but has our manner of life accepted Jesus?—*Samuel Parkes Cadman.*

TOURING IN EAST AFRICA

The Woman's Board of the Pacific has adopted Miss Julia F. Winter, who went to Mt. Silinda in 1904 under the care of the W. B. M. In one of her last letters to us dated Mt. Silinda, Melsetter District, Rhodesia, Africa, November 20, 1906, she writes :—

NOT long ago we rode through the forest to the brake-covered valley beyond, to visit the kraal of one whose only wife had perished the preceding day in a tragic manner. A baby boy at play in the hut had set it on fire from the smouldering embers within the central fire-circle, and then ran away. The woman, who was working in the yard outside, caught sight of the flames and rushed in to save their few possessions. Just then the roof collapsed, burying her in the blazing thatch and wattles. As we approached there came to our ears the weird cries of the wailing women, and a few minutes later we came upon the mourners sitting in a circle on the bare earth—the old mother and her neighbors, old and young. One chanted some unintelligible words, a sort of impromptu recitative, to which the others responded, “*Mai we, mai we, wa enda.*” (O mother, O mother, she has gone.) Close by was a circular mound, covered with green branches and brambles. This was the grave. The husband came up to see us, bringing the two little helpless children. He was very quiet, but in his eyes was the look of one just awakened from a ghastly nightmare. Then we sat down in the circle with the women and read to them in their own tongue words of the resurrection and the life, praying with them and trying to bring to their dulled intellects a new aspect of death and life.

To the southward, along the mountain side, winds a path lying in plain sight for two or three miles and then losing itself behind the hills. Its unknown regions beyond had called me for many months, for thence I had seen many of my children disappear day by day. Therefore, when my bicycle arrived, I devoted one of the first Mondays, our weekly holiday, to a journey thither. Taking my girls, and a boy to carry or push my wheel when necessary, we proceeded about three miles to the point beyond which I could no longer ride. Here we hid the bicycle in the long grass, though the children exclaimed, “*Why do you hide it? Do you think anyone would take it?*” And I confess I felt a little ashamed of my lack of confidence, as the natives are remarkably free from theft or malicious meddling. A little further and we came to the top of an almost precipitous descent, and viewed a beautiful valley far below, dotted here and there with many kraals. One of the girls found me a staff, and slipping, panting, grasping for support, we finally reached Zibonda's kraal, the home of three of my companions. Zibonda himself is dead, but the eight large dwelling huts,

built in a circle about a hard earth court, are occupied by his various widows and the grown sons, the oldest of whom has two wives, while the other, while he has but one living with him, has a little girl, still at her home, purchased for the future. There were many women with whom to talk and each must be visited in her own hut. Here, also, the children ate their morning meal, so it was about noon when we left. The head of the kraal presented me with a little black fowl, which I took as a formal token of peace, and for the rest of the day its squawking heralded our approach at each new hut. As I crept into one hut, a baby girl, startled by the strange white monster, plunged precipitously into a blanket upon the floor, hid her head and howled. One girl bride was there, who did not know the name of God in either Zulu or Chindau, and I found other women that day almost equally ignorant.

When we departed the women and children escorted us some distance on our way, and the child that had been so terror-stricken trotted along at my side, grasping my hand voluntarily. Descending another steep hill, we came to a delightful little river with ferny banks and great trees, under whose shade I ate my lunch. Then on to Hlaisa's kraal of six dwelling huts, where I found a dozen women and girls gathered under the shade of an isikupi, a grain hut elevated on poles—for a boy whom I met on the way had gone ahead and told them. So I held a service with them right there. Stopping to greet old Hlaisa himself, who sat under a tree making a door with stout reeds, we went on to Ndatshi's home, and here too a company of women were assembled, and close by a group of men and boys also. Calling them together, I had a brief service with them too. Halfway up the mountain we came upon another large kraal, where I found a little school-girl who has been ill a long while. She lay wrapped in her blanket with not even a mat between her and the earth floor. Here a number of women followed me into the hut, thus giving me another good chance for a service.



(AFTER EASTER)

A PLEA FOR THE GREAT COMMISSION

BY MRS. C. W. MILLER

THERE could be no doubt that their Lord had risen. Had they not all seen him, not once, but many times? Now they journey eagerly to the

mountains in Galilee, where he has said he will meet them again. How full of joyous anticipation are their hearts. As they marvel and rejoice the miles pass by unheeded till the mountain which is their goal breaks upon their sight.

Of all the words he must have spoken in that memorable interview only a few are reported to us, but he reveals in those the deep purpose of his life and his plan for theirs. They have listened to all he has said, and these words have burned into their memory, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth." Yes, they had felt sure of that. What will he do? And as if in answer to such a thought the next words fall on their ears, "Go ye therefore and teach." His work must now be done by them. He entrusts it all to them. Of course they want and long to teach, but whom are they to teach? Listen, "Go ye, because I have all power, and teach all nations." Stupendous task for that feeble company.

How did they receive that word? Did their hearts shrink? Did any vision of the hatred, persecution and suffering of coming years flash before them? If so his next words reassured them, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." That is enough. A swift light illumines their faces, and they lift their heads confidently. They can go anywhere now. To have him with them means triumph—victory.

A little later they assemble to hear his last words and to see his ascension. Once more they hear the great commission given more explicitly, as if he feared they might misunderstand: "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." And when he had spoken a cloud received him out of their sight.

The final word had been said. On their faithfulness and courage depended the success of his mission to earth. Would all his sacrifice and suffering avail that for which they had been so freely given? The answer rested with that little company of men and women who stood gazing longingly up to heaven.

Eighteen centuries and more have passed. To-day the answer of the question rests with us. How gloriously those men were worthy of that confidence which he had placed in them we understand as we recall that at the close of that first century, only seventy years later, no large city in the whole Roman Empire was without its believers in Jesus. Their work had so extended beyond its borders that the host of believers was variously estimated as being from one hundred thousand to many times that number.

It might have seemed to them that there was work enough for all of them in wicked Jerusalem, or certainly in Judea, or at least in Samaria—that

vexatious neighbor. But no; he pushes them out, and with an ever widening horizon lays the needs of the whole world upon them.

Through the centuries that followed the commission was passed from one noble soul to another, as the torch of fire from carrier to carrier in the ancient Scottish clans, until our heathen forefathers, in the wilds of the German forest and in the isle of Britain, heard of the Christ from the lips of the foreign missionary. Believing, they handed down the knowledge to their sons and so on to succeeding generations, until the glad news came to us as a birthright.

“Unto the end of the world” was the time limit Jesus set and the great commission still stands unchanged. “Go ye.” “Ye shall be my witnesses.” What shall the Christian church do with it to-day? How much does the Lord ask of us now? Of us, who are not a tiny band of obscure men and women, but a mighty army of hundreds of thousands? Of us, on whom riches material, intellectual and spiritual have been lavished, will he ask less than of that poor company?

Does he feel satisfied to have us work only for our own church, our own city, or even our own country? No, no, it cannot be. He is “the same yesterday, to-day and forever,” and we cannot trim off, cut down, narrow or abridge the field he has appointed us without denying his loving wisdom and proving ourselves not of his spirit. We, too, must witness for him at home and far away.

Let us love and watch the ever-increasing triumph of the armies of our Lord as they march on in every continent, let us listen for the bugle notes of victory from every stronghold, let us help on the day when he whose right it is shall reign and with the voices in heaven we can sing, “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ and he shall reign for ever and ever.”

OUR DAILY PRAYER IN APRIL

THE topics for prayer in the first week of the month may not be so appealing as the names of missionaries, but they deserve our earnest thought and petitions. Perhaps if the “daily influence” of each of us were all that it should be so many of our neighbors would not be still uninterested women. As we pray for LIFE AND LIGHT and *Mission Dayspring* we must remember also *Mission Studies*, the charming magazine issued by the Woman’s Board of the Interior. It has a wide circulation and is much beloved. And East and West, we shall join our prayers for the workers in the Rooms of the W. B. M. I. with those of the W. B. M.

The American Board has four missions in Turkey with nearly two hundred missionaries; and very little work is done by any other board in that great empire.

Central Turkey Mission has six stations and 51 out-stations, with a missionary force of about 30 and nearly 300 native workers. Of the 28 churches 14 are entirely self-supporting, and the native contributions for gospel work last year were more than \$21,000. The mission has charge of 138 schools, with more than 6,500 pupils, about half of them being girls. More than half the common schools pay all their own expenses.

Mrs. Merrill, who for several years before her marriage was a teacher in the girls' seminary, still gives much time and thought to that school. As wife of the president of Central Turkey College she finds many opportunities of influence, and her work among the Gregorian women is important and useful. She also has correspondence with and care for village teachers and Bible women in Aintab station. Miss Trowbridge, her sister, has been for many years a nurse in the Aintab hospital, where, while caring for the body, she has brought peace to many souls.

An article in *LIFE AND LIGHT* for February gives a view of the new building of the girls' seminary. The school is now moving on happily, and its beneficent influence reaches far.

Miss Foreman, the beloved principal, is still kept in this country by delicate health. Miss Norton has oversight of the boarding department and Miss Blake of the teaching.

Medical work at Aintab, as in all our missions, is greatly needed and very effective, reaching here patients of eight nationalities and seven different religious sects. Beside her work in the hospital and many visits to homes, Dr. Hamilton treated last year nearly a thousand cases in her clinics for women. Miss Grant is nurse in the hospital.

Mrs. Trowbridge makes many visits at the hospital and in homes. She attends and guides many meetings for women and directs Christian workers in Bible study.

Mrs. Fuller, with her husband, has returned to this country and resigned the missionary commission.

Mrs. Chambers visits the poor and the sick, teaches Bible lessons, invites young men to her home on certain evenings and young women on certain afternoons, giving them mental and spiritual help, and "her home is a haven of rest to the single ladies of the station."

Miss Shattuck's work is heavy and varied, embracing care of schools, Bible women, Sunday schools, and the great industrial work for women. This now gives employment to 1,500 in Oorfa and is carried on also in four

other places, everywhere a blessing and an uplift to dreary lives. Miss Chambers is this year in Kessab, where she is building up the girls' school and working among the women. She has no associate at this place, and especially needs the divine companionship.

Mrs. Christie, whose husband is president of St. Paul's Institute, works with him in teaching and helping the young men who are students there.

Mrs. Martin, with her husband, has resigned the missionary work and returned to this country.

Adana Girls' Seminary, under care of the W. B. M. I., numbers nearly 120 pupils, and an earnest religious purpose pervades the school. The 80 graduates have given 110 years of teaching. The sisters, Misses Webb, have care of the school. Miss Elizabeth Webb is now in this country on furlough.

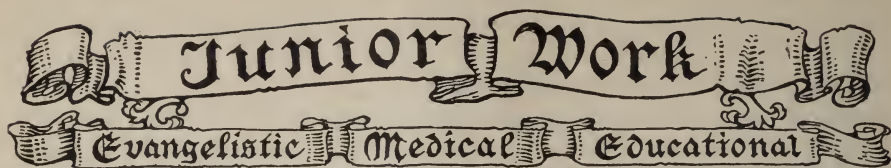
The Central Turkey College for Girls, of which Miss Blakely is president, enrolls nearly 100 pupils. They come from Marash and ten other places, and 20 joined the church during the year. The boarding department is crowded, applicants being turned away, and a "crying need is another American teacher." Miss Gordon is a teacher in the college. An article in *LIFE AND LIGHT* for January tells of the college and gives a picture of the building.

Mrs. Lee teaches a Sunday Bible class of 40 women, and another on Wednesdays, supervises 11 common schools, is head of various important committees, and fills in many gaps. Mrs. McCallum must give most of her time and strength to the care and training of her five children. To this she adds superintendence of an infant Sunday school with 200 little ones, leadership of mothers' meetings in the city churches and care of industrial work. This embroidery gives occupation to many poor widows and others, and any profits go directly into the mission work.

Miss Welpton is the teacher of music in the college, happy and successful.

Miss Vaughan and her associate, Miss Billings, carry on the Hadjin Home, a school for girls supported by the Board of the Interior. The number of pupils given in the last report is 234, 69 being boarders and 42 in the high school department. Dr. Hess went to Hadjin in 1904, hoping to heal the sick in that region, but the officials refused to give her a permit to practice medicine, and with great disappointment she has returned to this country.

Miss Morley is the associate of the Misses Webb in the school at Adana.



Junior Work

Evangelistic Medical Educational

HELPS FOR LEADERS

MISSIONARY GIVING IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN SWAMPSCOTT

BY MARY C.-E. JACKSON

(Paper read at conference of Junior workers in Essex South Branch.)

FOR five years we have devoted two Sundays monthly to missions. The first and third Sundays throughout the year the collection goes for what is generally termed "missionary work."

Our plan of giving is this: The first Sunday in the month throughout the year the money is devoted to foreign missions and goes through the Essex South Branch to the Woman's Board of Missions for the objects in which they ask the interest of the children for the current year. The third Sunday in the month, from January to June, we usually give to some local work; for example, a children's home, or the Floating Hospital, though on account of special exigencies we are at present giving for Okayama Orphanage in Japan. The third Sunday, from July to December, the collection is for organized home missionary work, as represented by the Woman's Home Missionary Association, and the money is designated for one of the schools or missionaries assigned by them to the children of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Two special collections—on Children's Day for the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society and the fourth Sunday in November for the Little Wanderers' Home—complete the benevolences of the department as a whole.

We have always tried to make the method of giving attractive. The children who have had birthdays the previous week hold the baskets or other receptacles. These we vary from time to time, using sometimes a May basket the first Sunday in May, one decorated with red, white and blue near patriotic holidays, and one trimmed with greens or a stocking at Christmas time.

The prayer of dedication is never omitted, though it takes different forms, sometimes a verse of poetry said by the children in concert, sometimes a short prayer by the superintendent, and oftenest a verse of Scripture chanted

or sung by the children. That this ceremony is impressive and also helpful comes to us from the testimony of several young women, now teachers in the department, who grew up with it and cherish the memory of the days "when they passed the basket in Sunday school."

Now for the definite missionary instruction which we try to give: The day before the voting is to be done by the children I try to make the object for which they have been saving their money as real and tangible as possible; sometimes by word picture, and often by pictures, curios and short rhymes. My endeavor each year is to use the supplementary lessons for one quarter to teach definite missionary information, not to try to co-ordinate it necessarily with the objects for which we are giving, but to make clear even to the little children the threefold nature of our benevolent work—home and foreign missions and local charity.

To enforce upon the children the way in which we as Congregationalists accomplish the first two of the objects, I use the "helping hand of the Woman's Home Missionary Association" to teach the five home societies; but one hand working by itself is inefficient, so we need the other, the foreign missionary hand, whose initials—A. B. C. F. M.—I put upon the five fingers, saying that it has to do for the rest of the world for which we as Congregationalists are responsible what it takes five societies to do for the United States. Hence the need of large contributions to the foreign work.

Much of information concerning particular countries can be and has been given in a quarter's time, when two to three minutes a Sunday are devoted to it; but in the primary department the main things to be taught, in my estimation, are: (1) the threefold division and yet the oneness of the work, and (2) the creation by the superintendent and teachers of such a missionary atmosphere that the children love to bring their money to help in the spread of Christ's kingdom—an end which even little children can learn to appreciate.

BOOK NOTICES

The Meaning and Message of the Cross. By Henry C. Mabie, D.D.
Published by Revell Co. Pp. 259. Price, \$1.25 net.

The author, who is Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Union, gives as the sub-title of his book, "A Contribution to Missionary Apologetics." In his foreword he speaks of the need of clarifying Christian teaching connected with the redeeming work of Christ. He says further: "Lack of missionary conviction and want of power over the heathen, other things being equal, will be found due in the end to a lack of appreciation of

the reconciling work of Christ. Missions, like theology, must always 'adjust their compass at the cross.'"

Dr. Mabie acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Forsyth of England, whose speech at the International Council of Congregationalists in Boston in 1899 made such a profound impression, both by its scholarship and spirituality, and he quotes largely from this writer. The last two chapters bear most strongly on missions, one being entitled, "The Missionary Energy of the Cross," and the other, "The Christ of the Cross the Desire of all Nations."

Mariam, A Romance of Persia. By Samuel Graham Wilson. Published by the American Tract Society. Pp. 120. Price, 50 cents.

The preface tells us that this story is not fiction, except in its arrangement and details. It gives a true picture of conditions and missionary work among the Armenians of Persia and was written by one at home on a furlough in the hope that this narrative form would arouse interest among young people. The story shows the bitter hatred of the Moslems for the Armenians and also the errors and evils of the Gregorian Church. The pictures are a marked addition.

Aliens or Americans? By Howard B. Grose. Published by Congregational Home Missionary Society.

This book, by the same author, is edited under the auspices of the Young People's Missionary Movement and is intended for the Forward Mission Study Courses. There is an introduction by Josiah Strong which opens with three trumpet calls—"A million immigrants! A million opportunities! A million obligations!" This is a book for study and there are questions at the end of each chapter. It is valuable in any library as a book of reference.

G. H. C.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from January 18, to February 18, 1907.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor. Bangor, Central Ch., 20; Bremen, Ladies of Cong. Ch., 3; Calais, Aux., (Th. Off., 28), 123.75; Camden, Aux., 20.50, 167 25

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Auburn. High St. Ch., M. B., 20; Bath, Central Ch., Woman's Miss'y Soc., 21; Gorham, County Conf. Woman's Meeting, 5; Harpswell Centre, Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 2; Portland, Coll. Semi-Ann. Meet., 10.23, Bethel Ch., Th. Off., 12.90,

High St. Ch. (Th. Off., 50), 219.79, Second Parish Ch., Th. Off., 31.26, State St. Ch., Aux. (add'l Th. Off., 3.75), 60.77, West End Ch., Th. Off., 60 cts., Williston Ch., Th. Off., 30.40, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5. Less expenses, 10.76, 408 19

Total, 575 44

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord. Concord, Aux. (Th. Off., 61.20), 76.20, South Ch., Kimball Cir.

King's Dau., 10; Derry, Central Cong. Ch., Aux., 38.60; Salmon Falls, Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 2,	126 80	Th. Off., 5; Milton, Aux., Th. Off., 30.25; Plympton, Aux. (Th. Off., 15), 16.50; Randolph, Coll. at Branch Meet., 1.10; Weymouth, South, Old South Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 5, Union Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 34; Weymouth and Braintree, Aux., 7; Whitman, Aux. (Th. Off., 22), 32; Wollaston, Aux. (Th. Off., 72), 87,	235 15	
LEGACY.		<i>North Middlesex Branch</i> .—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Concord, C. E. Soc., 10; (Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 60; Littleton, H. M. Bacon, in memory of Miss Manning, 5, Aux., 6; South Acton, Aux., 10,		
<i>Hanover</i> .—Susan A. Brown, by Thomas Weston. Final payment,	246 60	<i>South Framingham</i> .—A Friend,		
VERMONT.		<i>Springfield</i> .—South Cong. Ch.,		
<i>Vermont Branch</i> .—Mrs. C. H. Stevens, Treas., St. Johnsbury. Burlington, First Ch., 28.50, S. S., Miss Torrey's Class, 5; Enosburg, S. S. Prin. Cl., 1.95; Fairlee (add'l Th. Off., 2), 7.50; Highgate, 2.65; Ludlow, C. E. Soc., 10; Newport, 10.50, C. R., 10.37; Peacham, 25; Royalton, 10; Rutland, 95.25; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., 55; Wallingford, 32.50; Williamstown, C. E. Soc., 2; Woodstock, 42.50. Less expenses, 10.25,	328 47	<i>Springfield Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Chicopee, Third Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 60 cts.; Holyoke, Second Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Westfield, First Ch., S. S., 25; West Springfield, First Ch., Aux., 6.25,		
MASSACHUSETTS.		6.25,		
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch</i> .—Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., 22 Berkeley St., Reading. Andover, South Ch., Home Dept. S. S., 30; Lexington, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. F. L. Fowle), 62.13; Malden, Mrs. Anna E. Pierce, 100; Woburn, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Lucy A. Gott), 25,	217 13	<i>Suffolk Branch</i> .—Treas. A Friend, 25; Allston, Aux., 17.67; Auburndale, Aux., 34; Boston, Central Ch., Aux., 727.50, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 40, Y. L. F. M. S., 50, Old South Ch., Aux., 584, A Friend, 100, Park St. Ch., Aux., Miss Rebecca Hamilton, in memory of her sister, Mrs. Baily (to const. L. M. Miss Mary Anderson), 25, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 14.40, Union Ch., Y. L. Aux., 30; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., Memorial, 50, Leyden Ch., Aux., 25; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 73.50, Pilgrim Ch., Women's Missy Soc., 20, Dau. of Cov., 25, Prospect St. Ch., World's Dept., Woman's Guild, 30; Dedham, Aux., 38.01; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 20, Second Ch., Aux., 95.47, Go-Forth M. B., 13.41, Village Ch., Aux., 10.50, S. S., 10; Faneuil, Aux., 12.25; Foxboro, Aux., 40; Franklin, Y. L. F. M. S., 10; Hyde Park, Y. L. Aux., 61; Needham, Aux., 11.25; Newton Highlands, Aux., 40.17, C. E. Soc., 24; Roslindale, Foreign Dept. Women's Union, 42, Martha and Mary Guild, 10; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 64.17, Mrs. M. M. Thompson, 25, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 138.16, Immanuel-Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 122, Walnut Ave. Ch., Y. L. M. S., 13.50, C. R., 2, Prim. Dept. S. S., 5; Somerville, A Friend, 10, Broadway Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 22.41), 83.48, Y. L. M. S., 10, Day St. Ch., Aux., 2, First Ortho. Cong. Ch., For. Dept. Ladies' Aid (to const. L. M's Mrs. A. E. Winship, Mrs. George E. Dustin, Mrs. J. Q. Lund, Miss Anna M. Knight), 100, Prospect Hill Ch., Aux., 54.40; Watertown, Phillips Ch., Aux., 95.50, C. R., 7.51; West Roxbury, For. Section, Women's Union, 40.50, Anatolia Club, 20,		3,102 35
<i>Barnstable Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas., East Orleans. East Falmouth, Aux.,	4 00	<i>Worcester Co. Branch</i> .—Mrs. Theodore H. Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Millbury, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 2.50; Petersham, A. D. M., 100; Southbridge, Aux., 12.01; Warren, Aux., 10.66; Whitesville, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 14.09; Worcester, Central Ch., Woman's Asso., 57.40, Old South Ch., Aux., 30, Piedmont Ch., C. R., 30, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 24.27, C. E. Soc., 2.03,		
<i>Berkshire Branch</i> .—Mrs. Charles E. West, Treas., 123 South St., Pittsfield. Great Barrington, Aux., 76.50; Housatonic, Aux., 12.10; North Adams, Memorial to Mrs. George A. Jackson, 5; West Stockbridge, Aux., 18. Less expenses, 5.55,	106 05	282 96		
<i>Boston</i> .—Friends in Central Ch.,	6 00	Total,		
<i>Charlton</i> .—Cong. Ch.,	2 00			
<i>Essex North Branch</i> .—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas., Bradford. Georgetown, Memorial Ch., Aux., 40; Haverhill, A Friend, 20, Centre Ch., S. S., 9.63; Ipswich, First Ch., Aux., 23; Newburyport, Aux., 110, Belleville Ch., Aux., 125, Belleville Bankers (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss Ethelyn Weare), 50,	377 63	5,399 26		
<i>Essex South Branch</i> .—Miss Sara R. Safford, Treas., Hamilton. Gloucester, Mrs. R. B. Grover, 1; Lynnfield Centre, Aux., 15, Miss R. S. Richardson, 10,	26 00			
<i>Franklin Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas., 18 Congress St., Greenfield. Conway, Aux., 20.20; Greenfield, Aux., 2.50; Shelburne, Aux., 25.52, S. S., 10,	58 22			
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Hatfield, Real Folks, 25, Wide Awakes, 12.67, Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 22.25,	59 92			
<i>Melrose Highlands</i> .—Friends, through Mrs. C. S. Vaites,	6 25			
<i>Middlesex Branch</i> .—Miss Mary E. Goodnow, Treas., South Sudbury. South Framingham, Grace Ch., Jr. Miss'n Club, 5.91; Wellesley, A Friend, 53, Aux., 28,	86 91			
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Miss Abbie L. Loud, Treas., Lock Box 53, Weymouth. Braintree, Aux., Th. Off., 4.30; Duxbury, Aux., Th. Off., 3; Easton, Pro Christo Soc., 10; Hanover, Aux.,				

LEGACIES.

<i>Newburyport.</i> —Miss Eunice Bartlett, by E. I. Stevens,	75 00
Caroline W. Fiske, by Arthur C. Walworth, Extr.	500 00
<i>Worcester.</i> —Harriet Wheeler Damon, by Frank H. Wiggin, Trustee, add'l,	6 42
Total,	581 42

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Barrington, Prim. Cl., S. S., 8; Chepachet, Cong. Ch., 4.37, S. S., 1.50, C. E. Soc., 4.26; Nayatt, Mrs. George Lewis Smith, 40 cts.; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Beneficent Dau., 10, Central Ch., Woman's For. Miss'y Soc., 25, Parkside Chapel, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4, Plymouth Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; Slatersville, Aux., 11, C. E. Soc., 5,	74 53
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CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. In memory of S. P. C., 25; Chaplin, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Miss Jane Clark and Mrs. Phares Griggs), 40; Greenville, S. S., 11 15; New London, Mrs. J. N. Harris, 343.20, First Ch., Aux., 25 cts.; Pomfret, Aux., 23.27; South Windham, C. E. Soc., 10,	452 87
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Interest on Clara E. Hillier Fund, 200; Berlin, C. E. Soc., 5; Hartford, First Ch., Aux., 28.80, Prim. S. S., 5, Park Ch., Aux., 34, Windsor Ave. Ch., Aux., 45.90; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 100.53, South Ch., Aux., 50.38, C. R., 1; Poquonock, C. E. Soc., 5; Rockville, Aux. (Th Off., 42.51), 60; Suffield, Prim. S. S., 4.38; Vernon Centre, Aux., Mrs. Eliza Hammond, 5; Windsor Locks, Aux., 245,	789 99
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas., 314 Prospect St., New Haven. Black Rock, Aux., 16; Bridgeport, First Ch., Aux., 8.25, Olivet Ch., Aux., 37, Park St. Ch., Aux., 125, South Ch., Aux., 2, G. M. C., 15; Canaan, C. E. Soc., 15; Cheshire, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Cromwell, Aux., 10, E. W., 20; Durham, C. R., 1, Prim. S. S., 2; East Haddam, C. E. Soc., 12; Guilford, Mrs. John Rossiter, 2; Ivoryton, Aux., 1.75; Litchfield, Y. L., 232; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 58.13; Nepaug, C. E. Soc., 8; New Haven, Center Ch., Aux., 520.50; New Milford, Mrs. Green, 2.25; Norfolk, Aux., 66.14; Norwalk, S. S., 30; Prospect Gleaners, 27; Sherman, Aux., 2.10; Sound Beach, First Cong. Ch., Woman's Miss'y Soc., 20; South Britain, C. E. Soc., 5; Stamford, Aux., 25, Y. L., 20; Westport, Aux., 10; Winsted, First Ch., Aux., 20, Second Ch., 10,	1,328 12
<i>Putnam.</i> —Wellesley College Class of '97,	11 00
Total,	2,581 98

NEW YORK.

<i>Catskill.</i> —Miss Dorothea Day,	1 41
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Wood Memorial Fund, 173.75; Brooklyn, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 50, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 115, Puritan Ch., Aux., 25, Richmond Hill Ch., M. B., 5, C. E. Soc., 15, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 150; Buffalo, First Ch., Mary E. Logan Cir. K. G., 15, Whatsoever Cir. K. G., 5, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 20; Burrs Mills, Aux., 6; Eaton, Aux., 15; Elmira, St. Luke's "Theta Delta," 6; Napoli, Aux., 10; New Haven, Aux., 26.35; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, Aux., 166, Manhattan Ch., Guild, 23.50; Poughkeepsie, S. S., 27; Riverhead, First Ch., Aux., 10, S. S., 15.27; Rutland, Aux., 7.50; Sayville, C. E. Soc., 5; Sherburne, Aux., 40; Smyrna, Aux., 9; Spencerport, Aux., 25; Syracuse, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 89.80, Geddes Ch., Aux., 25; Wadhams, Aux., 5. Less expenses, 43,	1,042 17
Total,	1,043 58

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Miss'n Club, 125; N. J., East Orange, Trinity Ch., Aux., 19.50; Montclair, Monday Miss'y Soc., 75; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 10; Pa., Philadelphia, Central Ch., Pearl Seekers, 8,	237 50
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OHIO.

<i>Defiance.</i> —Mrs. M. A. Milholland,	5 00
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TEXAS.

<i>Dallas.</i> —First Cong. Ch., S. S.,	25 00
Donations,	9,737 70
Buildings,	224 86
Specials,	435 00
Legacies,	828 02
Total,	\$11,225 58

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1906 TO FEB. 18, 1907.

Donations,	30,571 12
Buildings,	1,812 86
Specials,	1,496 70
Legacies,	3,818 18
Total,	\$37,698 86

Extra Gifts for the Work of 1907.

<i>Maine</i> --Calais, Mrs. Henry B. Eaton,	25 00
<i>New Hampshire.</i> —Manchester, Mrs. H. B. Fairbanks, 5, A Daughter, 5,	10 00
<i>Massachusetts.</i> —Brookline, Mrs. C. L. Goodell, 100; Dorchester, Miss M. B. Means, 2; Framingham, Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, 50,	152 00
Total,	\$187 00
Previously acknowledged,	4,799 42
Total,	\$4,986 42

Board of the Pacific

President.

Miss LAURA M. RICHARDS,
Saratoga, Cal.

Treasurer.

Miss MARY McCLEES,
Adams Street, Oakland, Cal.

Foreign Secretary.

MRS. E. R. WAGNER,
San Jose, Cal.

Editor Pacific Department in Life and Light.

MRS. E. A. EVANS,
Mill Valley, Cal.

TURKEY

Under date of December 15, 1906, we have a letter from Miss Harriet G. Powers, of Brousa, Western Turkey, telling us of the girls' school where she and Miss Allen are laboring. Last year this little school of only forty members sent \$5 for one share in our Foochow kindergarten, in this way having a part in foreign missionary work.

I AM thankful this morning that we have neither blown down nor burnt up, as during the night we had one of our terrible south winds. This wind seems to be the same as the Swiss föhn—a warm wind that comes rushing down from snow-covered mountains. Our building is higher than those about it, and gets the full force of the blasts that roar and tear and beat against it like beasts of prey. The house shook and rocked as if from a continuous earthquake, but thanks to precautions taken no windows were blown in this time.

I hope people in San Francisco are beginning to recover from the disaster of last April. But however that may be, however the wounds have healed, the scars will long remain on the hearts and lives of those who went through that awful time. May God comfort and bless all whose losses can never be made up.

Our forty-first boarder came December first, the daughter of a priest in Constantinople. I might with truth call her our forty-second, as one who was with us at the beginning was called home by her mother's illness.

We have three in our Greek department. The first to come was Katina, a nice bright girl and quite advanced in her lessons. She already understands and speaks some English. What is also very satisfactory is that she is full pay, thanks to Mrs. Herrick and a friend of hers. Two poor girls were taken in free during November—Melpomene, always bright and smiling, quite unlike a tragic muse; and Gramatike, whom circumstances has so battered that she was all sulks and frowns, but whose face grows more sunny each day. She is fatherless, and her mother and a little sister scarcely older than herself are out at service. We have taken the homeless child out of pity, but we not only hope to do her good, but hope that it may

lead to our getting girls from Apollonia, only three or four hours away from us. Melpomene is from Demirdesh on the plain, less than two hours away, where there was once quite a flourishing evangelical work. Some are dead, some have moved away, and some have gone back to the "Orthodox" church. It is sad to think how long since there has been any evangelical preaching on the Sabbath. Some effort should still be made. Don't you think so? Melpomene's mother was a pupil of the Koiya Barhi school, so she is the granddaughter of your work. Shall we push the Greek department in school? If so we must have several scholarships for such girls until we can get up the necessary momentum. Perhaps you will ask what are the prospects of success. Mr. Baldwin feels that there are none. Some of our native friends say that there are good prospects if we will work hard and be patient two or three years. The tide is flowing now toward our schools in various places, and I see no reason to despair its flowing our way too, in time. There have never been so many Greeks in Robert College as now; the same is true, I believe, of Marsovan. At any rate, since the mission voted two years ago that there should be a Greek department, it seems to me we must go on and give it a fair trial. Cannot someone be found to give us \$70 or \$80 extra, especially to work this up? If we could go about and hunt up girls we might set the ball to rolling sooner. If only someone would aid this department in memory of Miss Rappleye.

The Armenian department has made a good start. The year 1903-4 closed with nineteen girls; 1904-5 with twenty-three; 1905-6 with thirty-one; now we have thirty-eight. The question now arises, Does the Board wish the school to grow? Does it wish the number restricted? We have a large field to draw from both for Greeks and Armenians. Shall we receive all who come, or shall we be content with a mere handful of what we might have?

It takes time to get hold of the wealthier classes. It takes time to overcome prejudice against the education of girls and against us as foreigners and Protestants. Fathers will even say, "What is the use of paying out money for our daughters when they will soon leave us for other homes?" The rich feel that their daughters will be sought after whether they know anything or not.

We shall do our best year by year to increase the proportion of payments to the number of pupils, as far as the Armenians are concerned. For the Greeks we must do as we have done by the Armenians—make it easy for them for several years and work them up gradually. As regards the Greek department, let us believe in it, work for it, pray for it. It will not be in vain.

CHINA

Here is a little picture of an autumn day in P'ang Chuang, China, as seen through the eyes of our missionary Dr. Susan B. Tallmon:—

P'ANG CHUANG, NORTH CHINA, October 31, 1906.

This is a delightful autumn day. . . . The Morgan, Hill, and Berkeley families might say many appreciative things of their beautiful California. They will talk of their roses, and of how the first rains are making Pine Ridge and the beautiful Berkeley hills green again. But even as I think of all the autumn glory and of the mountains and the roses, I am glad that I can come back in my thought to P'ang Chuang and feel that my heritage of beautiful things is goodly also. The new ladies' house is built so high that from the dining room windows we can look over the wall and see the open country to the east. The crops have all been gathered, and the Noah's ark evergreens of the little cemeteries rise out of the ground as brown and bare as if nothing had been grown there. To the right you see a cloud of dust, and know that there peanut ground is being sifted, so that none of the last nuts may be lost. If we were to go for a walk out there, we should find small fields marked with parallel lines of green that show where the winter wheat is just coming up. From the front of the house on the west you have even a more pleasing outlook. This is the place from which to see the sunsets. From the porch we look through half-bare branches of elms, and across an open space to where the red and orange sky shines and glows in the west, and makes the brown of the fields and of the high village wall take on a bright tinge, and fades yellow willows by contrast. The trees that rise above the village wall and the branches over our heads make outline pictures on the sky. The glow fades and a gray and purple haze settles over the dim trees on the horizon, over the nearer villages, over our little cemetery, and everything is very still and peaceful. The evening star has come out, and only a few silver clouds and the least pink glow tell where the sun went down. But I did not intend to keep you out here so long. I hope you haven't taken cold, and it is supper time. Yes, it is beautiful here. I can't help asking myself sometimes what beauty Lin Ch'ing will have to offer. Beauty there will be; of that I have not the least doubt.

After describing the delight with which she opened a home box, Dr. Tallmon says:—

If people only knew what a pleasure it is to get a box from home, I believe even those living in interior states would sometimes send boxes to their friends on the mission field.

From Mrs. Minnie C. Ellis of Lin Ch'ing we have the following letter:—

LIN CH'ING, October 19, 1906.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARDS:—

I know that you will want to hear a little about things here at Lin Ch'ing. Dr. Susan B. Tallmon and I are your representatives, Miss Lyons remaining in P'ang Chuang to take Miss Grace Wyckoff's place when she goes home next year. Dr. Tallmon and I, with Mr. Ellis, make up the present foreign force. Some of you who know that Mr. Ellis and I have been in China just two years and Dr. Tallmon less than a year will perhaps frown or smile or sigh, or do all three. But you see after all it is not just the three of us that are here, for there are the women at home and the Boards, and the Lord of glory himself for our captain.

You know, don't you, that the Lin Ch'ing field embraces about twenty counties with three or four million people? There were less than one hundred church members in 1900, and now there are five hundred and fifty. You can guess at the proportion who are women when I tell you that at the "big meeting" a year ago, of the ninety probationers two were women, and of the eighty-five baptized one was a woman. The rapid growth of the church in this region has been wonderful, but it has been attended by a correspondingly great danger, unworthy members in the flock, and lack of instruction for the weak. There are twelve native helpers, none of whom has been ordained. Mrs. Chang is the only trained woman who can work wisely without supervision, and she is feeble, old, and deaf. Add to this the fact that we are pitifully cramped for means, in fact the appropriation for woman's work was used up in the first six months of the year, and you have the summing up of the situation as it appears to us.

What do we plan to do this year? We hope to keep Mrs. Chang busy, and also the three or four others, who can do certain lines of work, at least part of the time. We hope to have a little girls' school, and have borrowed one of Miss Grace Wyckoff's girls for teacher. Miss Chang also worked with Miss Gertrude Wyckoff not a little, and so can help with the work for women on Sunday. We have one girl student at Peking, and three at P'ang Chuang. In the Sunday and Thursday meetings we hope to do much for the Lin Ch'ing women in the way of building them up in the faith. We plan to have one or two station classes for the Lin Ch'ing women. But it makes my heart ache for the women outside who cannot have even this little done for them. With an exhaustive treasury we cannot bring them in to Lin Ch'ing even if we had a place to put them or enough of the language to help them when they did come. And there is no one to go out to them, for it seems best that Dr. Tallmon and I should both give the most of our time to the language. We hope, too, that by next spring at least, Dr. Tallmon can begin in a small way the ministry to the sick women and children that she is so well fitted to do. But even this beginning of the great things that we hope to do here for the women of Lin Ch'ing means an increase in the appropriations. Can you help?

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CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE FEAST IN CHINA

BY REV. MR. AND MRS. ELLIS

IN many respects the leading family of the Lin Ch'ing church is that of a valued missionary courier, who for many years made the run from Tientsin down to Honan. Dr. Arthur Smith used to set him out with a Scripture verse, and see that he learned it. In time he gave evidence of a true Christian character and life. His wife is now in many ways the best representative of our Christian church. Their second son has just returned from a trip to India in the service of an eminent statesman of China. The story of his travels and his possessions have made quite a stir in this slow-going city.

It was doubtless so arranged that his stay at home should be the occasion of the marriage of his elder brother, an exceptionally bright and executive lad. We wished that a wedding with some Christian girl might have been arranged, but the "middle men" did not so arrange it.

To-day this great event has taken place; that is, the events of one day have taken place, and as it was the day when we were to be there, tomorrow being the Sabbath, it was to us, at least, the wedding day. The feasting lasts for three or four days, and the bride makes at least three trips between the two homes before she is left to investigate the new place into which she has been moved. It is like the grafting of a new sprout in horticulture, or the moving of freight, or the driving of a sheep to a new owner, looked at from the exterior Western standpoint. But to those whose ideals of the family are different from ours—where the four or five generations all live under the same roof, where the elders are everything,

where the plant of individual liberty has not blossomed, and where the teachings of Jesus are not understood—to those where these conditions prevail, these marriage customs are “laws of the Medes and Persians,” and not at once can they be changed. This is true even in such a home as Li Shih Ying’s. The plans for the wedding were laid before us, but as Mrs. Smith is away nearly all the time now, holding station classes, the doctors and we new people felt that we could only modify the ceremonies to a degree, and our Chinese helpers seemed to agree with us.

The directly heathen things of worshiping at the ancestral graves and burning incense to a temple god were all banished, but some of the things which our hearts would have wished for were left undone. But to tell you, first there was the feasting. This was elaborate, as the family are “well to do,” and the son who displays wealth and official buttons was anxious to make a large display. The tables were spread under one hundred mats, which covered the entire courtyard and buildings of the family. The items of special extras included French sardines and American condensed milk. The cooking was done on three large earthen ranges built up in one corner of the covered yard. The appearance of that part of the yard was not different from a great Chinese food shop which was preparing to feed hundreds of guests. The ceremonies began at the husband’s home by the inviting of two officials who came with attendants to go with the bridegroom to escort the bride in the bridal chair to the new home. These officials and all others were supposed to be met with the welcoming greetings of the bridegroom’s father, and to offer their “great joy” to the head of the household by bowing lowly on their knees. The head of the household also bows lowly and lifts up on his elbow the one who kneels before him. This thing is repeated by each arriving guest. The preparations being completed, which has included feasting and the officials donning their gorgeous robes of office, the bridegroom comes out and bows lowly on his bended knees either twice or four times to the various people who have lent their aid to the marriage plans. The four carts with the officials and bridegroom soon start for the home of the bride. These two young people have never seen each other, and the romance of the Western lovers must, in this Oriental land, come after marriage, if at all. The distance between the homes in this case is not large, but the bride must be taken around many extra Chinese miles in order that more people shall be aware that she is honored by being a bride.

At this point we came home to rest a little before returning for the Christian service, when the bride and bridegroom should return. This could have easily been accomplished in half the time that it was if there had been any desire to hasten matters. But in this region, where three days at

least, and sometimes that many weeks, are practically given over to the feasts and ceremonies and return feasts and return visits, it is not strange that even after we were called to come the second time we should still have to wait two hours for the appearance of the bridal party. The time was used I am sure to the glory of God, as Dr. Emma Tucker had Mrs. Smith's little organ there, and the meaning of the Christian hymns was explained by our Christian teachers, three of whom took turns in thus preaching between the singing of the hymns. Thus the two hours quickly and helpfully passed by.

At last the cry is heard, "Behold the bridegroom and the bride cometh!" The gorgeously trimmed bridal chair is brought into the yard, and the one who for the first and only time can ever ride in a bridal chair is helped out of the crimson canopied sedan chair, and assisted by two matrons, who have thrown a crimson covering over themselves, the bride is dragged and carried slowly across the threshold of the new home.

The bride and bridegroom are seated by each other, and the questions which are asked in a Christian wedding in the homeland are asked, with some Oriental modifications of the two young people. The promises from the Christian trained young man are forthcoming, but no response from her who, "like a piece of property," is transferred from the parental home to this new one.

The hymn has been sung, the words of explanation given, the Christian ceremony performed, and they are asked to kneel, and then in spite of my feeling confident that the Li family had made it clear that the bride would be expected to kneel at this part of the service, imagine my surprise that in this land of prostrations to relatives and friends, to say nothing of worship, she should refuse to kneel. The assembled multitude (for the courtyard was crowded full by the curious multitude) had suggestions of various sorts, and I saw no reason why, if she should remain standing, it would not do just as well, for they had forcibly pulled her out of the chair. But the younger brother said, "You have bumped your head to your parents and elders; you at once kneel down there in your chair!" The admonitions of the lad from India were heeded, and at last she was kneeling beside the bridegroom, and I again asked the old teacher to lead us in prayer, which he did. After that I pronounced the benediction, and the maiden was hurried off, while the rest of us prepared to visit and feast some more.

But she soon was to go again to her home and to return the next day to the husband's home and she, like the husband, had no small numbers of prostrations, or "k'e t'ou's" they call them, kneeling and bumping the head either two or four times. This bridegroom no less than two hundred

times stood erect, brought his hands together above his head, bowed lowly, raised his hands to his head, then let them fall to his side, knelt to the friends and bowed his head to the ground, and then arose and again the raising of his hands and bowing and then moving to the side, and later away from the friends to whom he "had thus humbly made his manners." The head has been bowed some seven hundred times or more during these days and it was only natural for Dr. Tucker to ask if the neck muscles were not sore; that they were is without question.

The consummation of this marriage brings before us two others that are arranged. As illustrative of the way things go, I will tell you of them. The first is the marriage of a young man of twenty-seven, who for eight years studied at our Christian college and who is now teaching for the Presbyterian Mission at Pao-ting-fu, to a poor ignorant, bound-footed heathen girl of fourteen years of age. The whole thing is so pathetic. And how many times it thus happens that the lad who has had the opportunity of years of Christian training and goes forth as a teacher finds arranged for him a life partner who is, as in this case, different from him in age, opportunity, aspiration, and promise.

The other case is of a lad thirteen who is this fall to become the husband of a seventeen-year-old girl. The home is poor and forlorn, and the father, up to the last month, the keeper of an opium den. But in both these cases the families are "Jesus church" people and we are wanted to be present and ask the blessing of the Lord upon the marriage ceremonies. Now the question comes up, "What shall we do?" Try to make the best of what seems to us unfortunate engagements? I suppose there is no other way out of it now. But it all shows the difficulties of bringing our Christian ideals to work upon those bound by the bitter poverty and more bitter superstitions and customs for the ages past. We pray, "Send out thy life and light and truth, O Lord."

In every way this is a land of contrasts—the multitudes who know of almost nothing but the struggle for bread, rarely sufficient, and for clothing of the cheapest; the few of wealth and learning and position. May God help us to minister to these varied needs and varied ranks of life!

Is there nothing that your Saviour wants you to do that you are leaving undone to-day? Do you doubt one instant that with his high and deep love for your soul, he wants you to pray?—And do you pray?

THINGS THAT NEEDED TO BE DONE BUT COULD NOT
BE—WHY?

BY MISS JOSEPHINE WALKER

SHAOWU, FUKIEN, CHINA.

HERE are some of the things I should have done this year but didn't—I leave you to judge why.

The girls' school, closed all last year, I should have opened, for our promising girls are growing up and marrying off, our future workers lost. Already some have been married because it seemed too doubtful a thing to wait any longer for a school that had been closed so long.

I should have built the woman's school building, for the women who have been studying in station classes are ready now to be called out and taken into advanced study, so that we may have strong, well instructed women to carry on the work in our small state (like New Hampshire and Vermont combined).

I should have gathered wives of the theologues who go out this year for more and special instruction—at least every forenoon, five days in the week, should have met them; they should know more about the Bible, a little physiology and geography would do no harm, while special lessons in cleanliness are most desirable.

I should have visited our Christian women in their homes more, and been able to accept some of the invitations to heathen homes that I have had to refuse. I should have called the day school teachers under my charge together for a teachers' institute of two or three weeks, so that they might teach their boys and girls under their care a little more of the gospel truth, and something of arithmetic and geography. I recently heard a man who has read geography by himself explain that the air and sun absorbed the water from the earth and stored it at the shady side of the sky, where it stayed till the rainy season, when our world, having revolved to this place in the sky, it again came down. No doubt the same man would have told you that Canada was colder than Florida because it was higher, and that the St. Lawrence River must empty into Lake Ontario, otherwise it would be running up hill. Such statements are common even from the learned. So you see there is much need of teachers' institutes. Other places have these things. Shaowu never has had but two woman's meetings. Instead of one such meeting there should have been three for the three corners of our field.

Then I should have gone around and visited their day schools. There are twelve under my care, also the women's classes and Bible women, of

which there are fifteen. For this work of visiting alone, I should have had at least three months of time for the Kien-nen field, which has seven day schools and women's classes. It has had not one day's visit this year.

For the Iong-Kau field I should have had three months—a stingy estimate for all the work waiting to be done, and another three months for the Shaowu field, with a couple of extra months for two or three remaining counties that are also in our field.

When you realize that this visiting work is the most difficult of all missionary work, when undertaken for any length of time, and that three weeks is all I can keep pleasant under, you will see that for that work alone we need three ladies.

Our women and girls cannot go to Foochow for study, as they can and have done at Pagoda and Ing Hok, though they ought not to either. If we had been as near Foochow as Ing Hok or Dinglok, our most advanced girls could have spent this idle and wasted year and a half at our schools at Ponasang, and could have nearly if not quite finished their course and been ready to help me in the teaching here in our school. Now they will hardly finish before they must marry.

THE SCHOOLS OF KESSAB

BY MISS EFFIE M. CHAMBERS

KESSAB, October 20, 1906.

I WILL begin this letter while waiting for my teachers to come for a teachers' meeting, our first one, and write until they come. As my mind is on school more than anything else this afternoon I will write about that. I think you know in a new place one has to choose.

First, the opportunities here for schools to be built up seem unlimited and the desire of the people is great, and they seem as far as they know willing to help in all ways they can, but they are like most other places in Turkey, poor, and while there is not actual starvation, it is all most of them can do to live. The women and girls here are more backward than any other place I know in our field. They are perfect drudges, carrying immense loads of wood, heavy jars of water, or baskets of vineyard or garden products on their backs for long distances. They have nothing to make their work convenient or easy. The hardest work done in the hardest possible way seems to fit the situation perfectly.

Here in Kessab we have, including our own girls' school, six schools in all, four entirely supported by the people, one by us, and in one other, our

new high school preparatory, we share with them. In all there are about 250 pupils. We start them in the primary, and if they graduate they are ready for Aintab College preparatory, or if girls, for the third class in Aintab Seminary. They are village children, and have grown up with a wild, free life, so they do not submit easily to authority, but they have good minds and seem to me worth training. The schools here have not been well graded heretofore; in fact, have been divided more on the basis of numbers than according to grade. This year, beginning with the primary, we are trying to adopt a uniform course of study—so much work done each year until they finish the high school.

The short length of the school year (we have only eight and a half months, and the first part of the term is greatly interrupted by gathering in the vineyard products and the making of molasses, which is a sort of general good time for everybody), makes it difficult. In all the schools except the girls' high school each child was allowed to be excused two days, the only condition being that they should come to me and ask to be excused. Those who went without excuse were punished, and made to recite the lessons they had missed. All say it is good, a great improvement on other years, when they went without permission and stayed as long as they wished. It is something to have them obey.

Our girls' high school is going through a needed course of repairs, giving us an enlarged schoolroom and two good recitation rooms. We also have some good windows (glass ones) which give us plenty of light, and lots of good blackboards, but we still are sitting on mats on the floor, and have almost no apparatus except a few maps. Our needs are many, but we shall try to be patient. The girls and I are thinking of raising some silkworms, and applying the profits towards some seats. If they do this I shall try to find someone to help us with the rest, for I feel I must get them up off the floor.

The people want a good deal of manual training in the schools, and the children need it. In all the schools we are trying to introduce gymnastics and singing lessons. The church made our girls' school a present of a nice Singer sewing machine last year, and this year our first class girls are to take lessons in dressmaking, *i. e.*, learning to cut and fit simple dresses. Their dresses are funny, old-fashioned things, infant waists, long, full skirts, no collars, plain, ill-fitting sleeves.

Over this dress they wear a short, round jacket, trimmed on all the seams with a kind of braid of a different color from the goods. Around their waists they wear big shawls or pieces of cloth folded diagonally, the wide part being at the back, and knotted tight in front. When not entirely bare-

footed, they wear a kind of red slipper with pointed toes and without heels, but no stockings. A gaily flowered handkerchief covers the head and our Kessab girl or woman stands before you, for there is almost no difference in the dress of girls and women. There being no Moslems here, the women do not veil as they do in other places, but are perfectly free in many ways, where their sisters in other cities are bound to custom. The people here, as a whole, seem to cling less tenaciously to custom than in other cities and are thus in a way more open to receive good—and bad, too, I am afraid. I don't know of any place where work is more needed. Pray for us that we may do all we can and be all we can here.

There being no regular post, one is likely to be caught, as I am now, only half ready when a chance to send arrives. I resolve every week to get certain letters ready and have them ready to send as soon as a chance offers, but some resolves are vain, and in the midst of looking after school here and outside, training teachers, superintending primary Sunday school and looking after its teachers, playing for teachers' meetings and educational club meetings, teaching Sunday school lessons to a class of twenty-five young women and girls, leading a woman's meeting where the attendance is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred (women hungry for the truth), cleaning house, getting winter supplies, overseeing workmen who are loth to be told what to do by a woman, training a new cook and washerwoman, being my own scrub and ironing woman, besides looking after my family of seven—about whom I hope to write you sometime—keeping them fed and clothed, I find I have enough to do and sometimes letters don't get written. I am sure God wants me here this year, for he has let me succeed in everything I have undertaken for these people yet. The boarding department is open with three boarders, one from Antioch, Vieda, and hope of another.

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RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 10, TO FEBRUARY 10, 1907

COLORADO	181 53	MICRONESIA	6 25
ILLINOIS	1,715 19	MISCELLANEOUS	180 00
INDIANA	81 08		
IOWA	236 37	Receipts for the month	\$5,403 84
KANSAS	80 28	Previously acknowledged	10,704 23
MICHIGAN	686 27		
MINNESOTA	443 34	Total since October, 1906	\$16,108 07
MISSOURI	286 31		
NEBRASKA	136 34		
OHIO	396 88		
SOUTH DAKOTA	12 40	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
WISCONSIN	609 60	Receipts for the month	\$113 00
CONNECTICUT	150 00	Previously acknowledged	219 55
MASSACHUSETTS	2 00		
PENNSYLVANIA	200 00	Total since October, 1906	\$332 55

MISS FLORA STARR, Ass't Treas.

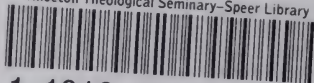
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